PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

NOV 13 1947

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XXXIV. No. 868. [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1947 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 321
THE MERITS OF THE CASE 323
BURMA—A NEW EPOCH 323
POLITICS AT LAKE SUCCESS. By R. H. S. Crossman, M.P. 324
THEY STOOP TO CONQUER. By Sagittarius . 324
A LONDON DIARY. By Critic 325
THIS ENGLAND 325
WHY DISMANTLE? By H. N. Brailsford . . 326
SLOVAKIAN UNDERGROUND. By R. Spencer-Brummel 326
LONDON'S HOMELESS WOMEN. By Elizabeth Stone 327
RICHARD STRAUSS. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor 327
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS:
  Sutherland and Colquhoun. By Patrick Heron 328
  The Movies. By William Whitebait . . 328
  Radio Notes. By Henry Reed 329
  The Theatre 329
CORRESPONDENCE 330
  From John Galloway; G. Heaton Nicholls; Rita Hinden; Robert Solo; S. K. Ratcliffe; Maurice Edelman, M.P.; Dorothy F. Buxton;
Correspondence—*contd.* Page
  James Smith; E. K. Johansson; and Th. Doganis.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett . . 333
REVIEWS:
  Finnegans Wake. By G. W. Stonier . . 334
  Science in Transition. By Barrington Gates 334
  Just a Song at Twilight. By Brian Howard 335
  Sense and Shakespeare. By Arthur Sewell . 336
  Professional Portrait. By Thomas Smallbones 336
  The Second Best. By W. J. H. Sprott . 337
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 338

DILEMMAS FOR FRANCE

FOUGHT, as they were, on national rather than local issues, the French municipal elections were held against a background unhelpful to the Centre and calculated, on the whole, to favour the Right rather than the Left. The Rake's Progress of inflation, with its concomitant black market, hoarding by peasants and impatient demands for higher wages on the part of organised labour, was bound to create a widespread dissatisfaction with methods of parliamentary Social-democracy which appeared in many eyes to repeat the political compromises, the inefficiency and corruption of the closing years of the Third Republic. The establishment of the new Cominform, followed by the serious inconvenience to the Paris public caused by a transport strike, whose continuance over election day M. Ramadier did curiously little to prevent, were factors which General de Gaulle's Rally (R.P.F.) could be counted on to exploit powerfully against the Communists.

Given the play of these forces, there is little surprising in the election results. Fighting against an anti-Communist front which extended from the Socialist Party to the extreme Right, the Party of M. Thorez has succeeded in holding its ground, with nearly 30 per cent of the votes cast, as compared with less than 29 per cent. in the National Assembly elections last November. Though the second ballots which have still to be held in towns and villages where there was no absolute majority last Sunday may well increase the anti-Communist percentage in the final aggregate of votes, the Communist Party can at least boast of a defensive victory. The Socialists, too, can claim that they have done better, in some areas, than expected; their percentage has fallen only from 18 to just over 15 per cent. This figure, however, may exaggerate slightly their real strength: in a few Departments, where lay *versus* clerical schools was a dominant issue, they probably gained by having joint electoral lists with the Communists; in much more numerous cases they formed a common front with the M.R.P. or even the de Gaullist Rally, and probably won the support of many resolutely Republican and anti-clerical middle-class voters whose fidelity to Socialist principles is questionable. The chief victim of the de Gaullist campaign was the M.R.P., which has now shrunk to a small group, backed by barely 10 per cent. of the voters, and analogous to the pre-war Popular Democrats. The Centrist Catholic Movement which was borne of the Resistance, but lacked any very distinctive practical policy to cement it, has been disintegrated by the appearance on the Right of a leader who bids for the support of all anti-Marxist elements. With the Radical Socialists and other fractional groups now practically annihilated, the R.P.F. emerges as potentially the strongest single Party in France, with two out of every five Frenchmen adhering to its ranks.

In this situation, M. Ramadier is confronted with an awkward dilemma, which the steps he has taken to prime his Cabinet do not solve. His prestige as leader of a Left-Centre Coalition is gravely impaired. The partner with whom he has been walking, arm in arm, down " the middle of the road " has now, of a night, been transmogrified into a very differently minded associate. Even if General de Gaulle takes no immediate steps to consolidate his parliamentary " Inter-Group " which was formed, somewhat nebulously, last Session, how much reliance can the Prime Minister place in future on the votes of the M.R.P. deputies, especially if he decides to prefer a policy of more and more concessions to wage demands rather than have a head-on collision with the C.G.T.? He is increasingly, in fact, the prisoner of the Right; for, though the Communist Party has issued a fresh appeal for working-class unity against reaction, M. Ramadier seems likely to risk a split in his own Party rather than make a new concordate with M. Thorez. He is a French Saragat, not a Nenni.

But if the Prime Minister is faced with the awkward choice between impotence in the Chamber and increasing *rapprochement* with the Right, General de Gaulle no less is confronted with a dilemma. M. Malraux, the head of the Gaullist propaganda bureau, has declared that the General will not accept power until a referendum has been held for a revision of the constitution which would strengthen the Executive at the expense of the Legislature. If he is prepared to bide his time, General de Gaulle may hope to secure from the present Chamber a bare majority in favour of a constitutional referendum: there is little doubt that a number of Socialist Deputies, as well as those of the M.R.P., are potential members of the de Gaullist " Inter-Group." If the referendum went in the General's favour, it could be followed by general elections in which a clear R.P.F. majority might be gained. All this, however, involves time; and, in the present rapidly deteriorating economic situation of France, will de Gaulle be able to exercise the necessary quality of patience? How far his undeniably authoritarian inclinations extend to the idea of a *Putsch* with American support, we have no means of judging. Certainly he will be under pressure from the reactionary and sinister elements who were involved in the mysterious, and hushed-up *Plan Bleu*, to take short cuts to " saving " France from the Communist " separatists "; and, if French life is dislocated this winter by a wave of strikes, the temptation to " do a Bonaparte " may be hard to resist. Yet, if he retains any grasp of realism, the General must be aware that his success in winning the Right-wing Socialist support which he needs depends essentially on his eschewing unconstitutional action. The issue of personal dictatorship in France has not yet crystallised. If it did, the Communist Party would not fight alone in defence of the Republic.

Tension in Czechoslovakia

In Czechoslovakia, Western salient of Moscow's sphere of influence, the formation of the Cominform has led to a visible growth of tension within the National Front Coalition. The crucial question is the line which the Social-democratic Parties in Bohemia and Slovakia will follow. Their decision to unite as a single Czechoslovak Party results presumably from the disclosure, with which a correspondent deals on a later page, of an underground separatist movement in Slovakia. The Communists, they doubtless argued, must not be left as sole claimants on the

Left to "national unity" as a Party. The attitude of the Social-democrats towards a joint electoral front with the Communists in the General Election next Spring will not be finally decided until the annual conference of the Party in November. In a statement, however, issued by the Party last week-end re-affirmation of the need for unity of the Left is accompanied by a critical description of the Cominform as an "instrument of strife" and by hints of a desire to work for collaboration between all independent Socialist Parties in Europe. The statement, in fact, occasions doubts whether Dr. Fierlinger, the Social-democratic Chairman, carried his Party with him when he signed, in September, a provisional electoral pact with the Communists. On their part, the Communists are intensifying, even at this stage, their election campaign with the slogan of " Fifty-one per cent. for the Party " ; the deteriorating economic position of Czechoslovakia (resulting particularly from the shortage of fodder) gives ample scope for recriminations between the Left and the Right-wing National Socialists and Catholics ; and the solidarity of the National Front seems likely to suffer severe rents in the coming electoral battle.

The German Demolition Problem

There was bound to be an outcry in Germany when the lists of plants scheduled for dismantling were published, however long or short. It is argued by Military Government that there is now a definite list which is related to the higher "permitted level" of output and capacity on which agreement was reached some time ago. Output in Western Germany is bound in any event to remain for a long time much below this level, and may rise faster towards it if output can be concentrated in fewer plants instead of being diffused among many. This, however, involves endless complications about moving the workers to the work (with no houses even available to take them), and leaving certain places derelict because the plant on which their livelihood depends is to be taken away. Military Government, working through irresponsible and quarrelling zonal organisers, is singularly ill-adapted for carrying through any sort of planned transfer of labour such as the situation requires. Moreover, as Mr. H. N. Brailsford reports on a later page, not merely are a number of the doomed factories essential for the rehabilitation of German transport and coal production, but the proportion concerned primarily with armaments is small. This has led to the belief in Germany—reiterated by Moscow—that Mil. Gov. has been concerned less with the liquidation of the arms potential of the Reich than with the elimination of Germany's commercial competition.

Reverse Lend-Lease Again?

The report by the United States Secretary of the Interior, Julius Krug, argues that the United States can "afford" to embark on the Marshall Plan for aid to Europe. The report is very lengthy and should dovetail with the detailed list of requirements which is contained in the second volume of the Paris Report. But, in fact, it all boils down to the fact that America will not, under the Marshall Plan or any other plan, export more goods to Europe than she has done in the past two years, and what America *has* done, Americans generally feel, she can continue to do. As the Krug report states, the "limits of what our country can do are exceedingly elastic." This courageous statement was passed on to the public with a cold douche from the President, who said that it was heartening to be told that America's resources were plentiful enough to give aid, but there would have to be considerable further examination before the extent of American aid was decided. Such statements may impress Congress with the Administration's watchful economy, but hardly fill waiting Europeans with enthusiasm. The Harriman Committee is now expected to provide the final report on what America should do. In the light of the Krug report it will almost certainly recommend that an American committee should be set up to decide priorities on items in short supply such as steel. This committee will, in fact, be the Central Development Agency which the 16 nations failed to set up for themselves at Paris. Secondly, the Harriman Committee may yield to increasing pressure to set up stockpiles of strategic raw materials (rubber, tin, copra, etc.) to which the European borrowers will be asked to contribute from their resources, in return for American aid. This may mean, for instance, that Britain will be asked to give rubber and tin—on Reverse Lend-Lease lines—to the U.S. Government for a period of years. This might make Congressional action easier but would also upset our balance of payments with America still further by eliminating one of our few dollar-earning capacities.

American Labour

The attitude of the two American labour organisations to each other was well illustrated when they both held their annual conventions last week; the C.I.O. met in Boston, the A.F. of L. as far away as possible in San Francisco. The hopes of fraternal unity which seemed great on the passage of the Taft-Hartley Act have faded. The workings of that Act, however, were the main theme of discussion at both conferences, and it was apparent that Labour—for all its inter-union animosities—would, in fact, be compelled by circumstances to follow a single line of policy in the next election. Trade unionists will oppose any Congressmen who supported Taft-Hartley; but the crucial problem is whether the Democratic candidates not in this category can arouse enough enthusiasm to get the mass of workers to the poll at all. The Red scare was perfunctorily denounced; but even the C.I.O. showed, when addressed by General Marshall, that it favoured a very firm policy towards Russia. John Lewis's refusal to sign the anti-Communist affidavit now required before labour disputes can go before the National Labour Relations Board had an amusing outcome. The A.F. of L., in order to clear itself of Lewis's intransigeance, abolished the posts of all 16 vice-presidents, leaving him without an official post in the A.F. of L. At the very same moment the N.L.R.B. overruled its own general counsel and decided that all officers of a union need not subscribe to the affidavit. As a result, there will now be a flood of union applications to the N.L.R.B., with which it certainly cannot hope to deal in its present understaffed and ideologically divided state.

Houses and Man-power

Even if housing projects have to be cut drastically for the time being, there is obviously no sense either in leaving needed buildings half-finished or in throwing large bodies of men idle until adequate arrangements have been made for employing them elsewhere. Even if we are compelled to make a big cut in total "investment," we must not forget that housing still holds a high priority in terms of social need or that a good deal of it is properly to be regarded as a necessary part of the redistribution of man-power called for by the revised plans for increasing the productivity of industry. No more can we afford to give up building factories that are indispensable for industrial efficiency. There is a danger that the demand for reduction in capital expenditure may now lead to a panicky liquidation not at all unlike what occurs under private enterprise at the crest of a slump. It is obvious that Mr. Bevan will have to concentrate on getting the houses that have been started finished and on starting new ones only when a clear case for urgency can be made out in connection with the revised plans for agriculture and industry. But the building industry is surely right in asserting that wholesale shutting down, without proper arrangements for transfer to alternative jobs, will only waste materials instead of saving them and leave man-power unused. The mistakes that have been made have been due largely to trying to give priority of treatment throughout the country in the matter of housing permits, instead of concentrating on the more pressing tasks. Now there will have to be more selective central direction; but there should be no wholesale scrapping.

The Builders Accept Payment by Results

The acceptance by the Builders' Unions of payment by results constitutes an epoch in Trade Union history; for their opposition to the system goes back to the very beginnings of the Unions and has been always deep and general. It is true that, even now, the Woodworkers have voted against acceptance; but they are expected to fall in with the decision reached by the other bodies in the Building Trades Federation. During the war, payment by results was operated on essential works, without effect on trade union dislike of the system. That it is being accepted now is a sign that the builders recognise both the gravity of the emergency and the need, under conditions of full employment, for some means of ensuring a reasonable rate of output. Doubtless they have given way only under pressure, and in return for a wage advance which is due to them if they are to maintain their relative wage position; but up to now no advance would have reconciled them to the change. One factor influencing their response is the increasing impact of civil engineering methods on building practice. Civil engineers have long used payment by results where they could, and have had less craft opposition to face. What the effect will be is hardly in doubt: output will go up on many jobs, but there will be a serious danger of deterioration in the quality of work, especially in plastering and, perhaps, bricklaying. That danger can be met by adequate supervision and, in the longer run, by improvement of job morale, which is in many cases admittedly low. To give the industry a higher morale, with greater security, will become all the more necessary now that earnings are to depend directly on quantity, more than on quality, of output.

The King's Speech

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: No one quite knew what to make of anything in the House on Tuesday. It was too early for clear views of the horizon. Labour supporters were surprised by the reference to the Lords in the King's Speech and were uncertain, in default of official information, why it had happened or what it meant. Mr. Eden and Mr. Churchill were angry about it, but almost more angry about the news in their Sunday papers that the Home Fleet had been cut down to one cruiser and four destroyers—news which the Prime Minister denied without being able to give the facts.

Both the mover and seconder of the Address were unusually good because they tried no tricks and spoke simply and sincerely. Blyton, in particular, moved the House when he told them how, as a boy, he remembered his grandmother crying after a Poor Law visitor had rebuked her for wasting her relief money on eating a herring. Eden, in his usual competent and slightly unoriginal style, carefully reviewed the contents of the King's Speech and commented on some of the happenings of the Recess. He singled out the basic petrol ration and the activities of Mr. Zilliacus for particular attention, observing that it was hardly in the tradition of the House to travel abroad attacking the Government. A reply will doubtless be made by Mr. Zilliacus.

The Prime Minister seemed assured and certain of his authority. For the Labour back-benchers his most welcome announcement was that the Armed Forces would be down to 937,000 by March 31st, 1948, a pleasing increased reduction of 150,000. Outside the Chamber some interest focused on a report that provision for the temporary abolition of the death penalty will not be included in the Criminal Justice Bill. Instead it will apparently be for the many M.P.s interested in this reform to move an amendment, which will be left to a free vote.

THE MERITS OF THE CASE

The yelp of indignation with which the Opposition has received the news that the Parliament Act will be amended this Session shows that it is seriously alarmed that this democratic reform may also turn out to be an astute political manœuvre. All through the summer the Government's opponents believed that it would be compelled by circumstances to abandon its Socialist programme. Mr. Churchill obviously hoped that this surrender by Mr. Attlee would cause a Labour rebellion, led by Mr. Bevan and Mr. Strachey; and that this, in turn, would lead to a split in the Party and the return of the Tories to power in a National Government.

By his decision to curb the power of the House of Lords, Mr. Attlee has averted the danger of a split in his own ranks on the issue of iron and steel; Mr. Morrison has won his point that nationalisation should be postponed until 1949; and Mr. Bevan has agreed—on the understanding that the House of Lords shall not be permitted to kill the Bill, when introduced next Session, by the use of the two-year veto. Not unnaturally the Opposition is furious.

The country, however, as opposed to professional politicians, is profoundly uninterested in Party tactics. It knows that the Conservative defence of the Parliament Act is as little disinterested as the Labour decision to amend it. It will consider the Government's proposals not in terms of political manœuvre, but on merits.

Here Mr. Attlee has a powerful case. The House of Lords has two distinct and quite incongruous functions. Because most of its members absent themselves and leave the work to fifty or sixty elder statesmen, it has become, as Mr. Attlee freely admitted, an admirable revising Chamber. But the fact remains that it can be used for quite a different purpose—to enable the Conservatives, when in Opposition, to force an election at any time after the first three years of the life of a Parliament. This is a Party advantage which no democratic constitution can tolerate. Theoretically, the Prime Minister has the right to decide when an appeal to the country should be made. It is intolerable that his hand can be forced by the Conservatives in the House of Lords by the simple device of defeating any major measure passed by the Lower House in the last two years of its five years' span.

It is therefore logical that, at the opening of its Third Parliamentary Session, the Labour Government should decide to revise the Parliament Act. To call such a reform "irrelevant" is highly disingenuous. It is vitally relevant both to the legislative programme of 1948 and 1949 and, even more important, to the right of the Prime Minister to choose his own time for a General Election. Precisely how relevant it is, is demonstrated by the fury of the Conservatives, who will lose an advantage in Opposition accorded to no other Party. Even if the particular issue of iron and steel had never come up, the Labour Government would have been justified in its first Parliament in dealing with this constitutional injustice. The Lords are an admirable revising Chamber. Very good. By reducing their delaying powers to one year, their powers of revision are left unchanged, and their dignity is enhanced, since the power of a Party machine to use them for purely tactical purposes will be curtailed.

It seems to us a pity that the merits of this democratic reform have been confused by the introduction of the issue of iron and steel. Indeed, despite Mr. Bevan, it is not clear how the amendment of the Parliament Act will assist the passage of this Bill. It may take two years before the amended Parliament Act is law. Since under it the Lords will be able to delay any measure for twelve months, can they not still prevent the nationalisation of iron and steel from being finished before the General Election? Certainly, unless the amended Act is made retrospective.

These considerations reinforce the argument that the Government's proposals should be presented on their obvious merits as a democratic reform, as long overdue as the abolition of plural voting. Astute tactics are essential in politics, but they should not form the material for an appeal to the country.

BURMA—A NEW EPOCH

The remarkable broadcast in which Thakin Nu, Prime Minister of Burma, welcomed the Treaty which he had just signed with the British, heralds a new epoch in our history, indeed in the history of Empire. For, as the Burmese Premier did not hesitate to say in the frankest and friendliest terms, the Burmese had, until the other day, looked on us as conquerors and oppressors and now had only the warmest feelings about us because we had of our own free will given them back their freedom and independence. Such a voluntary transfer of power is unprecedented; it admits a wrong and it should inaugurate a happy future. The annexation and extinction of the Kingdom of Burma in 1885 was one of the most wretched and unjustifiable of British Imperialist ventures. It arose out of a dispute between Thibaw, King of Burma, and an English trading firm. Thibaw, who was certainly in the wrong, had rigged a legal judgment against the firm by way of obtaining from them, for his personal use, a quarter of a million pounds. The Viceroy of India demanded that the case be put to arbitration and, on Thibaw's refusal, despatched an expedition of conquest which reduced the country from the status of an independent Kingdom, which had stood a thousand years, to that of an additional province of India.

The blow to Burmese national pride was acute and, in the view of its first British Governor, totally unnecessary. A protectorate, or a treaty relationship similar to that with Nepal, would have been fully adequate to safeguard British trading interests. Instead, the insensate and insensitive passion for direct administration, which then prevailed, won the day. It was a poor return for the Burmese whose King Mindon, an excellent ruler, when urged to take his opportunity to attack the British during the Indian Mutiny and regain territory already lost to them, had replied: "We do not strike a friend when he is in distress."

From then on, whatever case can be made for it in India, British rule in Burma was for the most part a failure. It ignored the fact that, unlike India, here national pride and consciousness had for a thousand years gone deep into the roots of the people. It flouted Burmese institutions and it governed by a system which was doubly remote from the country. First, because it was run on British-Indian lines. Secondly, because the British element of the bureaucracy for many years mainly consisted of officers seconded from the Indian Civil Service for too short a time to overcome their impersonal approach. It was inevitable that Burma should not for ever escape the impact of the West. But the abrupt and clumsy form which it took under British auspices upset and disorganised a people capable of absorbing new concepts in a leisured and ordered manner more suited to their national characteristics.

Not until 1937, by the separation of Burma from India, did Britain really begin to recognise her mistakes. By that date much damage had already been done. Subordination to India had led to the holding by Indian moneylenders of four-fifths of the £45 million agricultural debt. In addition, a million Indian immigrants, unwanted by the Burmese, had been introduced and more were on the way. Both these factors still throw their shadow across Burmese relations with India.

With so unpopular an administration as a background it is astonishing that our rule in Burma should be ending so cordially and so smoothly. For this, chief praise on the British side must go to Mr. Attlee who saw, as he saw in India, that widespread national aspirations must be met promptly and fairly. It is also due to the fact that the Burmese, while opposed to the British as rulers, had never been opposed to them as a race and wisely realise the need they have for their assistance, without which they cannot develop the great natural resources of the country. Nor do they wish to stand entirely unprotected between two such large neighbours as India and China. Hence the signing last week of a treaty which takes Burma out of the Commonwealth and yet creates the most solid ties between her and Britain. Burmese national pride is restored, but not at expense of her basic interests.

The assets of Burma are rice, oil, timber and various metals. Rice she can perfectly well produce and export (her pre-war surplus was 3¼ million tons) without European help. The other industries require capital, equipment and, above all, technical knowledge, so far not available in Burma, to bring them to a level at which they will contribute to a general raising of the standard of living. Most of the oilfields, producing pre-war 6½ million barrels a year, are leased to the Burmah Oil Company, which has proved in the past to be, on the whole, a good employer. The new Government has shown no inclination to repudiate contractual undertakings made with it but rather to encourage it to get the oilfields working once more. Probably a similar attitude will be adopted towards the other commercial undertakings for the mutual advantage of both countries. Certainly Burma is not likely to turn elsewhere than to Britain for technical advice or for the imports of machinery and manufactured goods. The same increase that has taken place in British imports to India since the war can be anticipated for Burma. Similarly, in defence, Burma has not hesitated to rely on Britain for the training of her three Services, nor is it in her interest to create any gap in the Commonwealth defence structure.

Since the appalling murder of Aung San and several of his colleagues there have been gloomy forebodings that Burma might be thrown over to internal chaos. The alleged implication of some British officers as accessories to the assassination plot has also increased the fear that relations with Britain would become strained. Fortunately, neither of these things has happened. Thakin Nu by his skill and firmness has kept Burma steady on the road to independence, and has mostly capably and tactfully resolved the difficulties with the hill tribes. He has still, however, to deal with the widespread banditry which presents a continuing menace to authority and prevents peaceful agricultural production. This has been stimulated, rather than decreased, by the indiscriminate issue of arms to individuals and organisations, in the belief that they would be able to assist in putting down disorder, but which, through insufficient supervision, have largely allowed the arms to get into the wrong hands. The proper place for arms in a democratic society is with the army or the police, and it is now to be hoped that the Burmese Government will undertake a vigorous policy of calling in the arms already distributed. Other pressing problems will arise after Independence Day. One is the ability of A.F.P.F.L. to hold together once their unifying objective of freedom has been achieved. Another is how far the capacity of the civil service, denuded of its British officers and lacking experienced Burmese officials, must be, in the near future, a limiting factor on schemes for immediate socialisation which a substantial element of A.F.P.F.L. will undoubtedly demand. Such problems will multiply, but the manner in which Thakin Nu has dealt with current difficulties justifies confidence in his handling of those that will soon confront the new independent Government.

For Britain, Mr. Attlee, together with General Rance, the present Governor, and the three junior Ministers who have all carried out negotiations in Burma during the last year, have ensured friendship. Burma now reassumes her nationhood without a struggle and with the minimum of bitterness and the maximum of confidence and trust on both sides. It is a new epoch and a welcome one.

POLITICS AT LAKE SUCCESS

It is surprising to see how much colour an international organisation takes from the country in which it is located. The League of Nations was not merely *in* Geneva : it belonged to Geneva, and its spirit was deeply influenced by the Swiss tradition of neutrality and by Western European conventions of procedure. In much the same way the United Nations is likely to become Americanised, and Lake Success to emerge as an entertaining adjunct to the high-pitched life of New York City. On three of last week's golden autumn afternoons I drove out along the East River front, across the Triborough suspension bridge, past the apartment-shaded tennis courts of Forest Hill and along the undulating parkway of Long Island. Suddenly the car swings right towards a typical shadow factory set against the autumn leaves and surrounded by meshed wire. But there are no guards about and you can walk straight inside and down the long corridors to the committee rooms. There, if you bob under a thin piece of white tape, you can stroll up to Vyshinsky as he sits at his place and ask him to have a drink with you.

Informality is indeed the most obvious characteristic of the United Nations Assembly. Everyone jostles everyone else in free and easy conversation. There is none of the dignity and remoteness of older parliaments. The sessions proceed interminably, week after week, with the delegates seated alphabetically in a hollow ellipse. U.K., U.S.A., and U.S.S.R. are therefore alongside one another, while a few nations, admitted at the end of the queue, are jammed uncomfortably inside the arena. On the afternoons when I was present, there was no sense of debate or discussion. Speeches are roneoed and distributed before they are read aloud. The speaker sits hunched over his typescript while the translators, in great glass boxes at the end of the room facing the chairman, mouthe the simultaneous translations. These can be heard through earphones attached to each chair. But few of the delegates or the public bother to listen. The Assembly is not even a sounding board : it is the central desk from which the texts are issued for the ideological conflict in the world press.

Just across the corridor from the Assembly Chamber is the delegates' lounge, a pleasant room with comfortable arm-chairs and sofas and, of course, a bar. It is typical of Lake Success that whereas the delegates are not often seen at the press bar, the journalists, lobbyists and spectators are all permitted into the delegates' lounge. Indeed the Assembly seems to be organised primarily for the convenience of the press and the public, on the principle that " public disagreements publicly arrived at " are preferable to the old-fashioned secret covenants. Policy, therefore, is not made by the delegates and then reported by the press. True to American custom, it is the day-to-day resultant of pressure and counter-pressure to which the delegates are subjected. Lake Success is like a Stock Exchange dealing in the shares of peace and war.

Journalists who were able to compare it with the old League of Nations told me that lobbying is conducted more flagrantly, votes are traded with more candour, and there is less hypocrisy about " the independence of small countries." The Latin-Americans, for instance, whenever the State Department requires it, can provide it with a majority in the Assembly on any subject. Over a drink, they will admit their position with as much irritated criticism of the boss as that shown by the delegates of the Slav bloc. Whatever else the small Powers have lost, they have retained the freedom of complaint at Lake Success.

In such an atmosphere, the realities of Power politics cannot be obscured. Ernest Bevin may say that he is seeking a middle way between Capitalist America and Communist Russia, and he may get away with it at Southport or at Margate. At Lake Success, the pretence is not attempted. Hector McNeil, who is a most competent speaker, and well tuned to the informal atmospheres, is rightly congratulated for putting the American case better than Mr. Marshall, whose military career seems to have made him a little impatient of political conventions. But this year France is in competition with Britain. Their delegates have forsaken the role of mediator and match-maker and lined up impetuously in the American bloc. The need for dollars makes satellites of us all.

In this atmosphere it might have been expected that the Unscop Report on Palestine would soon founder. Contrary to all expectations, it is the one subject on which any progress has so far been made. There is still some chance that this Assembly may provide a final solution. This is chiefly because the Palestine problem involves the balance of power in an area in which American and Russian interests both demand a " political vacuum " in the case of a British withdrawal. Each is concerned to prevent the other from replacing Britain as the great Imperial Power, rather than herself assuming responsibility.

Mr. Creech Jones' first speech made a thoroughly bad impression largely because, believing that Britain did not really intend to withdraw, everyone assumed that he was merely dismissing the Majority Report in order to enforce the *status quo*. On the assumption that Britain was staying in Palestine, delegates felt free to follow their consciences in speaking for and against partition ; and the Arabs, confident that Mr. Bevin would continue to fight the Jews for them, could threaten war with impunity. Only the American delegation took the British statement seriously. Realising that the British withdrawal might pull them off the sidelines, they postponed their statement day after day and conducted frantic disputes and intrigues off stage. The State Department and the Chiefs of Staff wanted, of course, to keep the British in Palestine at any price. They pressed for a qualified acceptance of the Report with so many modifications that it would be transformed into the Morrison Plan. The President, conscious as ever that his dwindling chances of re-election would be altogether destroyed by such an attitude, pressed for a strong pro-Jewish statement. At last an agreed draft was prepared, in which the influence of Mr. Hannigan, who as Postmaster-General controls the Party machine, and of Mr. Marshall, who seems to have been personally convinced of the soundness of partition, were both important. But Mr. Johnston's speech was extremely frigid and included a cool demand that Britain should continue responsibility during the transition period, with the assistance of a volunteer army (recruited no doubt with strict impartiality from the New York Jews and the tough boys of the Palestine Police).

Next day the Russians weighed in. To the confusion of the Americans, they not only accepted partition, as the Poles had done before them, but stressed the justice of the Jewish demand for a National Home far more generously than the Americans had done. Judging by his disregard for Arab susceptibilities, Mr. Vyshinsky does not rate the chances of winning over the Arab League to Communism as high as Mr. Bevin. He probably reckons that, in the period of isolation which now faces his country, the Kremlin would do better to seek the goodwill of world Jewry, especially the American Jews, than to soothe the feelings of Ibn Saud.

Faced with this Russian manoeuvre, the Americans began to back-pedal. When Argentina and Cuba both spoke against partition, it became fairly obvious that some people in the State Department would not be sorry to see the partition proposals defeated. I myself talked to several Latin-American delegates who had been told by State Department officials to vote "according to their conscience." This liberalism, in contrast to the brusque instructions they usually receive, convinced them that abstention was the role assigned to them.

It was at this point that Mr. Creech Jones made his second speech. He scored a tactical victory. Re-emphasising our determination to withdraw, he added that Britain would, of course, collaborate with any United Nations administration set up to impose partition.

This really put the Americans on the spot. If Latin-American abstentions prevent the necessary two-thirds majority, American duplicity will be obvious to the whole world, and the Administration will be directly responsible for the chaos in Palestine which must follow a British withdrawal without a U.N. decision. Indignant Americans at the delegates' bar complaining of British blackmail were proof enough that the thrust had gone home.

As the result of Mr. Creech Jones' tactics, it seems just possible that a temporary United Nations administration for Palestine will be established, and that the policing of partition will be undertaken by contingents from the smaller Powers. If America sends two Latin-American, the U.S.S.R. can supply one Slav policeman and a British Dominion would probably volunteer. Thus a Jewish Commonwealth would emerge balanced on the Powers' conflicting interests.

The handling of the Palestine problem is proving an excellent test of the United Nations. The masterly character of the Unscop Report shows how much can be achieved by representatives of small disinterested Powers when the Big Five are absent. This Assembly's debate—and the intrigues which have accompanied it—indicate the possibility of an agreed settlement in debatable areas between the two blocs. If, as I believe, both Russia and America are imperialist only in the sense that they fear the aggression of the other and take steps to anticipate it, then it may be possible to create in Palestine the political vacuum which is the modern way of describing the independence of a small people. The question remains : is Mr. Bevin prepared to permit this to happen? R. H. S. Crossman

THEY STOOP TO CONQUER

If it should ever come to pass,
  And many things appear remoter,
That Barons of the working-class
  Must swamp the noble Tory voter—
If Labour wills a mass-migration
  And calls for Commons' volunteers,
Will they submit to elevation
  And stoop to join the Vere de Veres ?

The rank and file are well aware
  The conquest of the Lords is vital—
They will not fail to do their share
  Though gravely burdened by a title.
To back their pledges on election,
  To prove democracy still lives,
Doubt not they will accept direction
  And pass into the "House of Spivs."

Kind hearts are more than coronets
  And honest worth than plush and ermine,
But, stifling natural regrets,
  Their duty will their course determine;
When Party programmes face a crisis
  No safeguard Labour can neglect,
Nor need these human sacrifices
  Quite forfeit working-class respect.

Though from the Commons' Labour camp
  A flood of Peers succeeds a trickle,
High rank still bears the guinea stamp
  Not yet debased to cupro-nickel.
Though Labour loves its birthright dearly,
  Stern virtue brings its own reward—
The people hate the Lords sincerely,
  But still they dearly love a Lord.

Sagittarius

A LONDON DIARY

An unusually interesting Gallup poll published last week by the *News Chronicle* showed that out of every hundred electors who voted Labour in 1945, ten now say that they would vote Conservative, ten Liberal, while ten are undecided, except that they would vote against the Government. About half of these "switchers" complained that the Government is too Socialistic. The remaining seventy are staunch Labour still, but a quarter of them complain that the Government is not Socialistic enough. These figures should add fresh fuel to the flames of the Shinwell-Morrison controversy. On the face of it they confirm Mr. Morrison's view that the Government must modify its Socialism and conciliate the middle classes in order to maintain its majority. But this may be a superficial judgment. What is really remarkable is that half the switchers did not find the Government too Socialistic. Even those who say they will vote Conservative are not unanimous on this point. No less than twenty-nine per cent of them did not find the Government too Socialistic, and five per cent are apparently going to vote for Churchill in order to get more Socialism. I suspect that what is vaguely called lack of leadership is responsible for most of the defections, and that a strong lead, even if it was Socialist, might win back more votes than a policy designed to placate the middle class at the cost of the workers. After all, Labour did not poll anything like the full working-class vote even in 1945. If it had, it would have won 600 seats. Another interesting point in this Gallup Poll is that as many have switched to Liberalism as to Conservatism. I do not take this to imply that there will be a great Liberal revival in the next general election, but rather that people are quite unwilling to accept Churchill's leadership. So far the swing is still mainly anti-Labour, not pro-Conservative, and therefore should be easier to counteract.

* * *

There is a very curious story behind the deadlock which has developed in the elections for the Security Council. Up till this year there has been an understanding that places shall be filled on a regional basis. The Slav bloc, for instance, should have one and so should the Latin-American. This informal arrangement was expected to continue; and on this understanding the Slavs voted for Brazil, and the Latin Americans in return agreed to support whichever of the Russian satellites was selected. The choice fell on Czechoslovakia, and Mr. Masaryk was duly nominated. But on the night before the ballot, the Russians called a special meeting and announced a change of plan. Masaryk must withdraw. When they were asked to explain the reason for this highly embarrassing switch, they said that the Americans were spreading the rumour that Masaryk had been selected because of his popularity in the Western bloc. His election therefore would be taken as a sign of Russian weakness. It would be preferable to lose a seat on the Security Council rather than be suspected of having to appease America. Sure enough, Masaryk withdrew in favour of Manuilsky who seems to have been selected as the person most likely to exasperate America since he was once the head of the Comintern. Despite this, the Latin Americans kept their bargain, but everyone else voted against him. Hence the deadlock. The story is interesting as a sidelight on Russian policy. In view of Mr. Marshall's anti-Communist offensive, they are ready to sacrifice any tactical advantage in order to show their implacable strength. A situation seems not far off in which America and Russia can never reach agreement on any subject under the sun because American and Russian opinion will both have been taught to regard agreement, or any offer that might possibly lead to agreement, as as example of that terrible thing "appeasement."

* * *

I see that the Congressional Committee on Un-American activities have opened an inquiry into Communist infiltration in Hollywood. As a sign of their complete open-mindedness on the issue the Committee announced, the day before the hearings began, that they were convinced there was a large and dangerous degree of revolutionary spirit in Hollywood. At last I am beginning to understand the secret of American films. Those moronic girls with well-developed busts, the half-witted men with profiles, the crude plots, the bad dialogue, the endless scenes of lust and liquor, sex and shootings, are not, as I had thought, put there to please the American public but to hold the American way of life up to world ridicule. How well they succeed! Meanwhile let us advise the Committee to pay particular attention to the nefarious Marx brothers—especially Karl.

* * *

I am sorry that Mr. Duff Cooper is no longer to be British Ambassador in Paris, though I have nothing to say against that immaculate compendium of all Foreign Office virtues, Sir Oliver Harvey. It is not men like Mr. Duff Cooper who have done Britain so much disservice abroad since the war, and who, when Labour came to power, some of us suggested were unsuitable to represent a Socialist Britain. Our criticism was levelled at some career diplomats whose retention in some European capitals Mr. Bevin would, I think, now admit to have been mistaken. But I always thought he was right to stick to Mr. Duff Cooper, utterly "unrepresentative" of modern England, though he is. It is not so important that he is a high Tory of an old-fashioned sort. He has the indispensable qualities of courage and independence. He loves and understands France, and I am sure that his reports were honest, discerning and outspoken. Indeed my impression is that his opinions about France were much too "advanced" for the British Foreign Secretary

* * *

A friend on the Continent writes :—

> In connection with your recent note on foreign travel it may interest you to hear that in the course of last summer I must have spoken to at least 50 business men from England who seemed quite proud of the fact that they did not live on the official allowance—they had managed, by devious means, to send money abroad prior to their actual departure. A favourite device appeared to be to despatch pound notes in unregistered envelopes and cash them on arrival in Switzerland. From this point of view alone I can well understand—(1) the Government's ban on foreign travel, (2) the necessity of examining foreign mail.

* * *

He looked like a young undergraduate when he stopped my car on the road and asked for a lift to Oxford. He talked like one when he got in. Although only just twenty, he had written, he explained, two novels, innumerable poems and short stories. One of his short stories had been printed in a London evening paper, but the stuff he wanted to write no one wanted to publish—yet. He agreed that the novels were no good, but he would write more. No, he was not up at Oxford. No, he hadn't got a job. No, he had no money; he was a "butterfly," busy dodging Mr. Isaacs. It was quite simple. He moved from town to town by hitch-hiking. When he ran out of money he worked on a farm for a few days, then spent the money at the nearest bookshop or repertory theatre. He had enjoyed the Edinburgh Festival and was now going to see what was doing in Oxford. His father, a London tram-driver, thought he was mad. With great trouble he had got him a job, with a pension at the end of it, as a Post Office Messenger when he was fourteen. When he was seventeen, he had volunteered for the Navy to get out of it. The Navy had kept him two weeks, and he was afraid they'd try to call him up again and interfere with his travelling and writing. When he'd seen enough of England he was going to America in search of more experience. "You can't write if you stay in a routine job." Security? Security frightened him. I suppose W. H. Davies was a drone or a butterfly, too, and if Mr. Isaacs could have caught him, he would have put him to useful work. And Mr. Isaacs would have been right. But I hope the net is never so fine-meshed and efficient that no such butterflies escape.

* * *

Here is a true story. It might be called "What's in a Name?" It begins when we received as a present a small yellow kitten which we believed to be female. It had a pretty little face, like a flower, and we christened it accordingly. It settled down on the best of terms with Smudge, playing happily with each batch of her kittens. After some months it displayed incontrovertible signs of being male. When it began to make clumsy advances to Smudge (a tabby-cum-tortoiseshell with a white front) we had great hopes of a basket-full of mixed orange and tortoiseshell kittens. Smudge was tolerant of these adolescent attentions, but continued every two months to produce a litter of tabbies, which were only too obviously the offspring of the undistinguished Tom across the road. We assumed that time would solve the problem, but it did not. Young marmalade seemed willing to continue to dance attendance without ever getting to business. Unlike other young Toms, he never wandered, but devoted himself to Smudge and her kitten with touching solicitude. Curled up in the same chair or on the same blanket, both washed the kitten and each other indiscriminately and continuously. The trio, mother, kitten and male nurse attendant lying in a single ball of harmony offered an object lesson of selfless devotion.

This week a loathsome accident occurred. Smudge was killed by a passing motor bus. The kitten was fortunately just old enough to lap and eat. The yellow Tom looks after it as if he were its mother. With a maternal paw he holds it down and washes it from nose to tail, from top to bottom. Never one to venture abroad, he seems willing to cuddle the kitten and sing to it for as many of the twenty-four hours as it will stay still. I can see no male characteristics in this cat. He appears to be without lust, greed, jealousy or ambition. He is content to act as foster-father to the offspring of his first and only love—by another Tom.

Re-reading this story I see that I forgot the point. We acted in all innocence, believing the kitten to be female. We had no idea that we were doing it an irreparable injury, that we were putting ideas into its head, when we christened it Pansy.

Critic

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to K. Bachmann.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

The English are a forgiving nation. They forgave Southern Irish, Italians, Bulgarians, Germans, Rumanians, Slavs. Is it not time that the Duke of Windsor and his wife were "forgiven"?—Letter in *Evening Standard*.

Uniforms costing £26 10s. each are to be made for East Suffolk health visitors, because the County Health Committee decided yesterday they are necessary for prestige.—*Daily Express*.

Surprise selection for the Old Vic Repertoire this season is Beaumont Fletcher's *Night of the Burning Piston*.—*What's On in London*.

It is galling to find the Princess—who should set an example—conforming to the whims of a man like St. Paul.—Letter in *Daily Mail*.

X.—— Y.—— Dentifrice. Artistically tints the gums to harmonise with any lipstick.—Advt. in *L.P.T.B. Bus*.

To sit in the sun 3,000ft. up and look at one of the loveliest views in the world, and then to find British biscuits which we have long since forgotten, warms one's heart.—Letter in *The Times*.

WHY DISMANTLE ?

Last Friday at a pit near Bochum in the Ruhr I began to grasp the consequences of the plan for the dismantling of German industrial plant. I was talking to a group of miners, and in my ignorance I assumed that the list of doomed firms in the morning paper did not directly affect them. "Indeed it does," answered the chairman of their Works Council. "I've only had time to glance at it, but I've seen in it the names of the firms which supply us with everything we need in this mine, from pumps to picks and shovels."

On Saturday at the office of the T.U.C. for the Western Zones in Düsseldorf its wise old chairman, Hans Böckler, who wins everyone at a first contact, was explaining to me how closely interwoven are the industries of the Ruhr: "You can't decimate the machine-tool and heavy machine industries without threatening others on which our life depends." At that moment his words came to life with the entry into the room of the miners' leader, a splendid veteran. August Schmidt took from his pocket a typed list of no fewer than 97 firms marked down for dismantling, which supply machines of one sort or another to the Ruhr mines. These ranged from winding gear, pumping machinery, and conveyor belts to the latest cutting devices. The mines, he said bluntly, could not carry on without some of these doomed firms—more especially "Demag" of Duisburg. Meanwhile, others of the men's leaders were arriving and each had his detail to contribute. After coal, transport is the gravest of Germany's problems today. Among these threatened firms, as an engineer told us, are most of those which make springs for motor cars and lorries—to the extent of 80 per cent of the whole output. A third man told us how the railways will be affected, and he picked out one big firm, due to be dismantled, so vital for the repair and construction of rolling stock that it had been given top priority for coal and electric current in the worst days of crisis.

These were expert critics. The man in the street was angry and bewildered because he found in this list, with other similar cases, the name of the biggest manufacturers of soap-powder, Henckel of Düsseldorf, who make "Persil" and have the reputation of treating their workers particularly well. In Germany in these days there is an acute soap famine. "Why," everyone asked, "was this firm, with its enviable place in the export market, singled out for destruction?" The invariable answer, which I heard from Americans as well as from Germans, was that the guiding principle of the British list is rather a determination to check Germany's commercial competition than to liquidate her military potential. Out of the 294 works to be dismantled in the Ruhr (Nord-Rhein-Westfalen) only 43 are officially classified as primarily concerned with armaments.

The publication of this list at this moment is an act of political stupidity. With reason, everyone dreads the coming winter, which may be even worse than the last. The drought has ruined the late potato crop and disorganised the transport of fuel and food, because water in most of the rivers and canals is still so low that no loaded barge can move. As if the fear of cold and hunger were not enough, this list now threatens the loss of the best equipment which Germany possessed for the export of high quality steel, heavy machinery and some chemicals. These exports she must have if she is to buy food. To plunge Germans into hopeless depression is a risky and foolish thing to do, which can benefit only the Communists and the Nationalists. There will, of course, be passive resistance from the workers if the plan is really carried out, and they will have the whole population behind them. Once before, after the last war, passive resistance succeeded in the Ruhr. The men's leaders—most of them veterans who fought a long battle against Hitler—are not by temperament given to rashness, and they dread above all things the revival of nationalist passions which a struggle would bring with it. But they will certainly lead a mass movement if Military Government tries to carry out its ill-devised plan by force. The only reasonable course is to do now what ought to have been done long before the list was published—to negotiate over the whole problem with the governments of the Länder and the Bi-Zonal Economic Council. Ways can be found for using these good machines for reparations without removing them. Are we so sure of our own future as a Socialist Power in Europe that we can afford to antagonise the German workers?

H. N. Brailsford

SLOVAKIAN UNDERGROUND

The sharpening of political party divisions in Czechoslovakia which has followed the establishment of the new "Cominform," and the latest *pourparlers* between the Czech Communists and Social-Democrats, has to be considered partly against the background of developments in Slovakia. There, General Ferencik, Security Commissioner of the Czechoslovak Ministry of the Interior, has been actively disentangling the threads of a "conspiracy" in which figures a strange medley of ex-quisling Slovaks and "Banderovci" groups of Ukranian, Polish and other remnants of Eastern Europe's underground armies and organised irredentists *en route* through Czechoslovakia to join the U.S. forces in Austria and Bavaria.

On September 14, President Benes left Sezimove Usti, his summer seat, for Topolcianky in Slovakia, where traditionally he spends the latter part of his vacation. At Breclav, the Czech border town near which some of the fiercest clashes had occurred with "Bandera" men crossing into Austria, the presidential train was stopped, to enable General Ferencik to join Dr. Benes. The most stringent security precautions were in operation when the special train came to a further halt at Bratislava, Slovakia's capital. There Dr. Benes was welcomed by a group of prominent Slovaks, headed by Dr. Lettrich, chairman of the Slovak Democrats—Slovakia's largest party—and president of the Slovak National Committee. Dr. Benes, it can safely be surmised, utilised his visit to Bratislava as an opportunity to re-affirm his rigidly centralist interpretation of the somewhat vague "Kosice Agreement" between Czechs and Slovaks. This agreement has never been sincerely accepted by the Right-wing Slovak Democrats, who include in their ranks a large proportion of Roman Catholic former Hlinka separatists.

One week after the Bratislava meeting, when the ramifications of the Slovak "conspiracy" had become plainer, a group of "Partisans"—an organisation re-formed with strong Communist backing to assist the army in combating the Banderovci—attempted to storm the Headquarters of the Slovak National Committee with the object of meting out rough justice to Dr. Lettrich. The indignant Partisans were halted only after three of their officers had been allowed by the civilian police to search the building and to satisfy themselves that Dr. Lettrich was not in the building. In the light of subsequent revelations even the Czech Catholic Peoples Party has been compelled to demand a purge of the fraternal Slovak party.

Meanwhile, further facts which have emerged throw more light on the planning, timing and execution of the trek of the Banderovci. The U.S. Army authorities have announced the first arrivals in their Zone—a detachment of thirty men, who crossed into Bavaria near Wegscheid and gave themselves up to American troops. Interrogated, they declared that the strength of the Banderovci groups recently set in motion (on the orders, it is now believed, of the Ukrainian National Liberation Committee in Linz, Upper Austria) totalled 4,000 out of a total "army" of perhaps 15,000. According to U.S. sources, no more than some 2,500 are expected to link up with their advance elements in the Allied Zone. The Banderovci appear to be well organised in self-sufficient units of company strength, composed of three infantry and one headquarters platoons. The numerical strength of the larger groups varies from 450 to 600 men, armed with light and heavy machine guns, mortars and even some light artillery pieces, in addition to rifles. Most of the men interrogated agreed that in June the "army" suffered a heavy defeat at the hands of combined Soviet-Polish forces, which cornered them in the area of Nowy Sacz—Zakopane—Babia Gora—Biala, in Southern Poland.

It is in Czechoslovakia, however, that the key is probably to be found to the whole complex and well-planned Banderovci campaign. Before their retreat, the Germans established a terrorist and sabotage centre at Sekule in Slovakia, to which it assigned 42 hand-picked members of the Separatist-Fascist Hlinka Guards and Hlinka Youth Movement. At Sekule these leaders underwent special training and subsequently carried out extensive recruiting among Slovak Fascists in the autumn of 1945. Later on, these subversive activities were extended and many small cells were established throughout Slovakia. These consisted of a political and a military section, the latter being named "Tiso" Shock Troops (Tisove Pohotovostni Oddily). As things moved toward their pre-conceived climax—open rebellion for the purpose of establishing an independent Slovak state—the underground organisation in Slovakia greatly increased in strength. This derived from three main factors—Czech disinclination to concede to the Slovak nationalists a greater measure of independence; close liaison and co-operation with the approaching Banderovci; and the sinister part played in the conspiracy by two prominent political exiles, Sidor and Durcansky, former members of Tiso's quisling government.

Illegal newspapers in great numbers made their appearance in the districts of Zilina, Zvolen, Nove Zamky, Ruzomberok, Trnava, Nitra, and Bratislava. Printing presses so far confiscated show that no fewer than 300 further illegal pamphlets and newspapers had been in preparation. With the arrival on Slovak soil of the Banderovci, the T.P.O. groups were incorporated in their ranks. These forces comprised the so-called "REN Division," which split into two groups, each sub-divided for operational purposes into smaller detachments of between 20 and 150 men. Suffering heavy casualties, the "Chromenko" group ranged into Moravia, and elements of it finally succeeded in reaching the American Zone of Germany and Austria. In this they were aided by the fact that the attention of the Czech authorities was focused on the somewhat stronger and very well-organised group led by Burlak-Szyhelsky, who is described as having been the legendary Bandera's right-hand man. The "Burlak" Group was involved in heavy fighting with the Czech army from the moment it entered Czechoslovak territory. In the first of these skirmishes, at Maluzina, it suffered some casualties, and retaliated at Lucky by an attack on an isolated detachment of 18 Czech soldiers, of whom six were killed. Finally, it is claimed, this group was annihilated in the region of Mala Fatra in Slovakia, and its leader, Burlak-Szyhelsky, captured.

The full scope of the plot came to light after another important capture—that of a "Vlassov" Cossack, who was apprehended near Zilina. He carried identity papers in the name of Fabek, but was soon identified as a notorious ex-S.S. man, Hruntovsky. He confessed to having played a leading part in the Slovak revolutionary movement and admitted its close links with the Banderovci. On the basis of his confessions, mass arrests started in Slovakia, their number rising to 380 civilians—a figure which excludes a considerable number of army officers, retired or on active service, who will be tried separately by military tribunals.

Civil servants, priests and members of Roman Catholic orders predominate among the civilian plotters already caught; and—a disquieting factor—they include two Slovak deputies. On the strength of evidence obtained from his fellow-conspirators, the leader of the whole movement—a teacher, Anthony Melzer—was arrested at Dolna Poruba on September 13. This former leader of the Hlinka Guards confessed that he had organised "resistance" groups in Slovakia soon after the end of the war. In 1946 he founded the considerably larger "VESNA" Organisation. Members of the T.P.O. were enrolled on a considerable scale at regular recruiting centres; funds were collected by the sale of Tiso postcards to sympathisers; and subversive contacts were established among army officers of Slovak nationality. It is now confirmed that two military wireless transmitters had been operated by Banderovci; and there is evidence to substantiate a charge of working for a foreign Power against some of those implicated in the plot, whose basis, here as elsewhere in Eastern Europe, is to be found in the disastrous assumption that events are moving inevitably to a Third World War.

R. SPENCER-BRUMMEL

LONDON'S HOMELESS WOMEN

MANY thousands of women must be living in the lodging houses of London. It would be difficult to find out the actual accommodation in all the shilling hostels, but it is very large, and it is always inadequate.

The types who use the doss-houses vary. The old regular we see, sitting with her bundles and packages in the shop doorways of the Charing Cross Road, represents only one of a very varied company. There are many other types—the misfits and tragedies of a civilisation in which the dice are always loaded against women.

A surprisingly large proportion of smart, well-dressed shop and restaurant workers find that a bed at seven shillings a week is the best way of solving the problem of how to eat and save a few shillings for a bottom drawer from a wage of seventy shillings a week. For regulars, some hostels provide small lockers (usually unlockable); in others, there is no accommodation for clothes at all. Yet these girls go out every morning neat and tidy. A few yards away, who would guess that their home was a doss-house, and that all their toilet accessories were carried in a handbag? These younger inmates tend to move on: George is demobbed and they marry, or the restrictions of hostel life irk them too much, and they find a friend with whom to share the inevitable bed-sitting room in the suburbs. The real regulars are the older women—the lonely tragedies of life in a great city. Some move from hostel to hostel, always dissatisfied and always returning; but to most, their hard, clean bed and tiny locker represent home—the only roots they have in a world in which to be old and to be a woman is a double crime. There is a huge army of washers-up, charwomen and casual workers who, on a princely wage of from twenty-five shillings to three pounds a week ("Fancy! Three pounds a week for a charwoman!" says the scandalised housewife), can enjoy the luxury of an occasional cigarette or a glass of stout.

The largest group are probably the "pensioners"—spinsters and widows who spend their few shillings in the nearest A.B.C. or Lyons tea-shop, and their time in the public gardens. A rare letter from a relative is a cause of excited talk for days. It is shown to all friends, enemies and rivals, and for a little while takes pride of place as a subject for conversation over the ancestral home, the brilliant marriage they almost made, or the aristocrats with whom they were once intimate. For these women who carry their entire possessions with them in a small bag (remember that the lockers, if available, don't always lock) have plenty of one thing—pluck. As they make an extra pillow of the few clothes they don't sleep in, one hears of their travels (always, strangely enough, to Paris or the Riviera), or their inside knowledge of diplomacy obtained from influential friends, or of Lady K.'s or the Hon. Mrs. L.'s troubles and problems, but never their own. Yes, they have pluck, these talkative ones; life may have been harsh to them, or their own sins and failings may have betrayed them, but they have a standard to which, false and ludicrous though it may seem to us, they have the courage to pretend; did not someone once define courage as the ability to live up to a lie? The last thing one ever hears is a hard-luck story; talk ranges from politics, the Court Circular and social events to fashionable clothes and the "best" parts of London to live in. Only two subjects are taboo—the real history of their own little lives, and men.

Then there are the taciturn ones who have slept in the same bed for months—sometimes years—and spoken to no one. Each morning they go out to their unknown destinations, and each night they return—to bed. An inquisitive neighbour receives no encouragement, not even a monosyllable or a sign of having heard the question.

"She's all right, but she's a bit funny sometimes." There are quite a few of these. There is the middle-aged lady who suddenly begins to laugh, deeply, inwardly and silently, and just as suddenly stops. And there is the old woman who walks about most of the night talking softly to herself, and who is ejected from dormitory after dormitory by tired and infuriated workers. We must not forget the "girl" of forty, who invites every newcomer to the wedding she is going to have next Saturday but one, although that happy event never seems to get any nearer. There are so many of these, all harmless, and all seemingly realising the borderline between "funniness" which is allowed, and "awkwardness" for which they can be "put away." Surprisingly, the "hard cases," those intransigeant few whose quarrels and arguments not infrequently drive the "respectable" ones from the common-room, have a tolerance and understanding for these unfortunate creatures which is often lacking in the outside world.

In these crowded times, the accommodation in these lodging houses compares, in money value and cleanliness, anyway, with that provided by the not quite first-class hotels. For one shilling, there is provided a scrupulously clean bed, hard but flat, in a scrupulously clean room, together with washing and bath facilities. These are not yet what one hopes they will be when the present fuel shortage is over; at present the baths and washbowls are there but the water is rarely hot. There are usually a common-room and an eating-room. Tea and bread-and-butter are provided for a few pence at most hostels, and the larger ones also provide hot meals at prices ranging from fivepence to tenpence. Many of the buildings and much equipment for these lodging houses have been endowed by philanthropic means, but they are not charitable organisations—not, at any rate, in the eyes of the people who pay their shillings—and some must show a fair working profit. It is difficult to compare them with the men's hostels of the same type, for what is considered an adequate wage for a human being who happens to be a woman is considered scandalous for a human being who happens to be a man. Therefore a far greater number of respectable unskilled workers must be driven by economic circumstances into women's lodging houses than into men's. On the other hand, this may or may not be counterbalanced by woman's greater urge for "respectability" and convention, her greater fear of institutions and communal living, and her supposedly greater qualifications to "do" for herself.

A month at a "doss-house" (as inmate, not as patroness) would be a valuable experience in the training of every woman. She might learn much. Perhaps she would learn to discern through all the pettiness and squalor some of the qualities of women which must always transcend pettiness and squalor. Perhaps, in the courage and grit which are turned to such pitiful ends of deception, she might see a hope of a future in which these qualities could be used to build instead of to hide.

ELIZABETH STONE

RICHARD STRAUSS

THE promoters of the current Richard Strauss Festival did well to give us, on two successive Sundays, the composer's two-volume musical autobiography, *Ein Heldenleben* and the *Sinfonia Domestica*. Thanks to the advocacy and masterly interpretation of Sir Thomas Beecham, the earlier work is fairly well known in this country (though it would probably have established itself more easily everywhere but for the prejudice aroused by its "heroic" title: it ought surely to have been called, quite simply, *Mein Leben*). The *Sinfonia Domestica*, on the other hand, is almost unknown. Thousands of Strauss admirers could tell you no more about this important 40-year-old work than that it contains a baby in a bath and a clock striking 7 p.m. and 7 a.m.; armed with which information and encouraged by the general hostility of the critics, they go on to assume the whole thing to be a heavy Teutonic nightmare of misapplied facetious realism. Such foolish notions must have been dispelled by the admirably clear performance of the Philharmonia Orchestra, directed last Sunday with the minimum of fuss by the 83-year-old master himself; the themes, it is true, are less striking than those of the earlier symphonic poems, but their treatment is as fertile and inventive as anything in Strauss, which is saying a great deal. In his orchestral output the work occupies a place comparable to that of the *Pastoral Symphony* in Beethoven's; it reveals, as Tovey said of that work, "the enormous strength of some one who knows how to relax"; it has passages of exquisite tenderness, humour and charm, such as the D major scherzo, the G minor lullaby and the love music, and it contains a few pages of such orchestral magic as Strauss himself has seldom surpassed, namely, the passage immediately preceding the *second* striking of the clock, which depicts the silent house gradually penetrated by the multitudinous sounds of the awakening outside world. The final fugue may be too elaborately worked out; but the air it breathes, unlike that of so many symphonic fugues, is not the stuffy atmosphere of the class-room, but the fresh mountain breeze of life itself.

A man of irrepressible energy, eupeptic, contented, life-accepting, whole-heartedly in love with the world of action and ambition, and at the same time deeply responsive to the consolations of a well-ordered bourgeois interior: such is the self-portrait which Strauss, with his usual uncanny objectivity, has drawn for us. In spite of his famous egotism, he is in a sense the least self-centred, the most objective and outward-looking of great composers; his handling of character (think only of Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, Klytämnestra, Ochs, the Feldmarschallin) shows the sharp eye of the novelist as well as the sympathetic penetration of the poet; and he is so consummate an interpreter of the world of sensuous experience that it is foolish to complain (as so many do) that he is not a priest or a mystic. His pre-eminence among living composers is concealed from some of his detractors by the dust of nationalism, politics and yesterday's aesthetics which hang about his name; from others by the extrovert exuberance of his character and style—for to a low-spirited and poverty-haunted age there is something exasperating about the spectacle of such vitality, opulence and disregard of the austerer virtues. Music, of course, is not the only art to stage an irritated revolt against sensuous exuberance: rich palettes are deplored in the Euston Road, Shakespeare is regularly acted in the dark, and from Los Angeles resounds a faint muezzin call to the inner life. Such revolts usually have a genuine basis, and in the case of Strauss the basis is obvious: the vein of showy, almost cynical, commonplace turns up so often in his music that it is possible to see nothing else, and to forget the man's fabulous powers and bold original genius. Everything about Strauss, even his weakness, belongs to the large, self-assured tradition of the nineteenth-century: his fertility, his range of subject, his wide popular appeal and downright professional skill, above all his accessible humanity and lack of emotional inhibition. Those who are not obsessed by the tyranny of passing fashion ought to recognise in him the last representative of the royal line in German music.

During the period of the great symphonic poems, from *Macbeth* (1888) to the *Sinfonia Domestica* (1904), Strauss enlarged the boundaries of music, not only by his harmonic and orchestral innovations, which have long since passed into the language, but by an achievement which has remained inimitable, the translation of character and narrative into coherent and satisfying musical design; of this achievement *Till* and *Don Quixote* are perhaps the supreme examples. It was natural at first to think of him as a post-Wagnerian, extending the scope of Wagnerian harmony and orchestration, finding fresh uses for the *Leitmotiv* system, and in much of *Salome* and *Elektra* pushing a stage further the subordination of voice to orchestra. But gradually another element, his sensuous delight in sheer sound for its own sake, gained the upper hand, and tempted the listener to think of him, not in relation to Wagner, but in the context of baroque, or even Renaissance, magnificence; already in those expansive climactic sections of the symphonic poems (gravitating so frequently towards F sharp or G flat major) there is something akin to Venetian painting in the delighted playing with sumptuous stuffs, the manipulation of rich colour and texture, the mastery of lingering "after-glow" effects. In opera, too, dramatic tension and violence yielded more and more to purely sensuous charm; *Rosenkavalier* marks the happy point of equilibrium, its mixture of styles carried through with a disarmingly bland skill, its subtle plot perfectly adapted to the composer's new and henceforth almost too absorbing passion—the lyrical soprano voice. The characterisation in *Rosenkavalier* is among the most masterly in all opera; but if you examine in cold blood the Trio which makes so satisfying a climax in the theatre, you will find, not so much a gathering together of psychological and musical threads, as a ravishing exploration of the physical possibilities inherent in three crossing and overlapping strands of soprano tone, based on a principal melody which bears a relation, logically quite inexplicable, to Mariandl's "Nein, nein ! I trink kein Wein ! "

Rosenkavalier belongs to a period of juggling with past styles which is associated particularly with Diaghilev, Cocteau and Stravinsky, and is one of the characteristics which stamp our age as Alexandrine; Strauss appeared to enjoy these flirtations with the baroque as much as Hofmannsthal (for one thing, they gave such scope to his sopranos), but the music, even the delicious *Ariädne auf Naxos,* began to seem increasingly "confected," and the heroines to have no existence except as mediums for those endless, ecstatic soaring *ariosi* which became so monotonously characteristic of Strauss's style in the twenties and the thirties. This was, indeed (in his own famous phrase) "giving music as a cow gives milk." *Die Frau ohne Schatten* has its warm admirers, and even a concert performance in this country would be most welcome; but in *Ägyptische Helena* and *Arabella* the vitality seems to have become purely synthetic, and the fragments that have trickled through to us from *Daphne* and the *Capriccio* have been still more discouraging.

It seemed as though nothing more was to be expected from the active veteran than a perpetual rehash of the old material, but after the war he astonished the world by the production of at least two remarkable new instrumental compositions. First that deeply felt threnody on German civilisation as he knew it, the study for twenty-three solo strings called *Metamorphosen,* which for all its eloquence will perhaps seem long-winded when we know it better; then the delicate silken strands of the *Oboe Concerto,* for which familiarity can only increase our affection. About this latter work there is something divinely happy, cultivated, civilised and content; harmonically simple, it shows all the old constructive skill, and the slow movement develops an uncommonly lovely tune into arabesques of pure tranquillity. It may be that the old magician has still further surprises to spring upon us; if not, who (save Verdi alone) has bidden a sweeter, fresher or more youthful farewell to our wicked old world.

Desmond Shawe-Taylor

The Arts and Entertainment

SUTHERLAND AND COLQUHOUN

At Roland, Browse and Delbanco's there's an exhibition of paintings by Clifford Hall and gouache studies by Sutherlands. Mr. Hall seems a student of Sickert, accomplished, therefore, in ways that are not unfamiliar; but upstairs, Sutherland—many of whose processes are of a continuing unfamiliarity, so original is his genius—shows a bunch of tiny studies which all have the merit of being complete statements, complete pictures in spite of their scale and category. This comes about because Sutherland (like Picasso but not like many old Masters) always thinks in terms of a whole design in his slightest sketches and at moments when his concern is the smallest detail of form—a pebble or grass-stalk maybe. Sketches of only a few inches are invariably "compositions," finished off in essentials.

For what the term is worth, Sutherland is a conceptual painter: not what is seen so much as what is imagined, known, felt or desired provides the material for his designs; though the experience of seeing, the visual data amassed by the eye, is, in turn, the starting point for all these processes. Now Robert Colquhoun is also a conceptual painter but in his case one feels that the concept or image derives more from the images of other modern artists than from his own contemplative researches in Nature. Whereas the sickle-contours in Sutherland's hillsides have been extracted direct by the artist, the flat oblong heads and triangular eyesockets of Colquhoun's ladies have not: Jankl Adler and Picasso are more responsible for these characteristics than any of Colquhoun's sitters. Of course there is nothing wrong in this; but the more oblique the impact of the natural scene is in an artist's work the more inward or poetic the source of vitality must be.

I think Colquhoun's first success was due to his discovery of a highly distortional, highly formalised equivalent for the human figure which somehow gave off strong whiffs of forlorn personality. Co-existing with the formal elements was a flavour which might be called the "poetry" of the works. But this poetry was newer and more interesting than the configuration of the formal elements, which tended to be derivative, in the repetitive sense; and it is this poetry which seems less strong in the works at present at the Lefevre. The atmosphere of last year's *Woman with Cat* and/or *Birdcage* is not repeated and so we are thrown back more on his strictly pictorial achievement.

I find number 14, *The Fishwife,* a very good picture. The sleeve of the right arm (on *our* left) seems the best moment in the whole exhibition: it is divided down the middle into a light and a dark unit and the quality of the colour and tone of each is such that here (but here only, unfortunately) light and space are really generated. Clearly Colquhoun has a headful of ideas for pictorial exploitation but for several reasons he is, it seems to me, unable to "get over" as forcefully as he should. In the first place his colour doesn't *operate,* it merely *is ;* secondly, his design gets falsely complex in an effort to supply the impact the colour denies and the result is that the original sensation, or conviction, the original image is half drowned in secondary abstractions. Is Adler's influence the disastrous cause of the essential flatness and colourlessness of these otherwise powerful designs ? This is flatness in a sense that Picasso is never flat: every Picasso *vibrates,* the parts interact with an almost physical movement and thrust; but Adler's paintings are static and refer to little more than themselves, to their own curious paint. In the same way in Colquhoun there is a little of this interaction of colour upon colour giving luminosity to the whole composition —a luminosity, a stirring of the parts, which we find in Picasso's *Guernica,* though there all is achieved with three mixtures only, off-white, a grey and a black !

But Colquhoun is an important painter: it would be a pity if success prevented him overcoming the tendency to repeat himself which is now discernible.

Patrick Heron

THE MOVIES

"To Live in Peace," at the Curzon
"Gone With the Wind," at the Empire
"Bachelor Knight," at the Odeon
"The White Unicorn" and "Will Britain Go Hungry," at the New Gallery and the Tivoli

Vivere in Pace, the second Italian film seen in London, is as good as the first. And it has the advantage of less-trodden ground. Again the war, but this time the war on the outskirts, joked about, shrugged about, feared, at last intruding abominably with liberation and a stroke of tragedy. To a self-contained little mountain village, where a single German minds the telephone and the notices threaten death, come two escaped American prisoners, one a negro; they are hidden by children in a barn; soon they become part of the family; then the priest and the doctor know, and it's not long before the German soldier is making his way up the hill. The comedy in these scenes is delicious, of a kind we know from the peasant stories of Silone and Pirandello: family rows, turnip ghosts, sly double-edged conversations. A climax is reached when the German gets roaring drunk with the family in the kitchen, while the negro binges as tempestuously in the cellar. The two meet. There is a terrifying moment; then with everyone laughing and weeping they fall into one another's arms, dance, beat up the village with news that the war is over. The aftermath of this breath-taking debauch is a deserted village, a drunk German on the cobbles and the priest waiting to discover what he remembers of the previous night. He remembers—a very little. Dare they come back ? While the issue is in doubt, the German retreat overtakes this by-way and three motor-cyclists in a hurry set fire to the guard-room and shoot the peasant whose farm has been a refuge and the stage for wild genialities. As he dies, the Americans roar in. I cannot overpraise the liveliness, the humanity, the simple yet masterly touches with which this tragicomedy has been achieved. Its pacifist feeling is the natural and inevitable outcome of the incidents—true, we are told, to life—and people portrayed. Aldo Fabrizi (the priest of *Open City*) gives a wonderful performance in the leading part of the shot peasant; he is, perhaps, a less mannered but hardly less gifted Raimu. The whole cast triumphs. Luiga Zampa is the director. It is difficult to know how he could have made this film better or other than it is.

Gone With the Wind comes back with the draught. How good a film is this ? It is big, certainly; it gallivants, it roars, it crackles; it has a beautiful unbridled heroine (Miss Vivien Leigh); here at least is a tuppence-coloured, small-town *War and Peace,* with the good earth and the staunch Mammy that will survive twenty reels. Seeing it for the first time, I have enjoyed myself more than I expected to; I came away feeling, as I suppose I was meant to feel, that I had gorged myself silly. But the time to see it is surely in mid-war; then (and not now) we shouldn't mind how long the purely domestic battles of the second half went on. Let there be more husbands and plunges down staircases ! Let more children break their necks in the paddock ! Never let the soul-of-honour lover admit he doesn't love Miss Leigh—an admission that, let slip earlier, would have put a stop to the whole thing ! As it is, to-morrows gorgeously agglutinate until the final one that will be "another day."

Bachelor Knight is a wise-cracking frivolity about a famous painter (Cary Grant !) falling in love with a magistrate (Myrna Loy) and having to pretend he's in love with her schoolgirl sister (Shirley Temple). Probably as gay a piece as Hollywood can turn out to-day, though a few years ago it would have been done by Preston Sturges. (The draught was felt long before the dollar cut.) *The White Unicorn,* an English film, begins in a home for delinquent girls, all apparently from Kensington, and with a couple of heroines (Miss Margaret Lockwood and Miss Joan Greenwood) unravels two novelettes, one of riches and the other of poverty. In the same programme *This Modern Age, No.* 13 will startle by appealing to our interests and intelligence. If it doesn't quite answer its question, "Shall we go hungry ? " it gives a tense pictorial survey of our agriculture, in which more machinery, more labour, more houses, and more land freed from the War Office, would provide us with a fair proportion of the foods we require.

William Whitebait

RADIO NOTES

I do not remember a great moment of history ever being presented on the air with so much modesty, quietness, decorum and efficiency as was the trial of Socrates the other night. On paper, the suggestion of broadcasting the Dialogues of Plato seemed like a caricature of the Third Programme's normal activities. (The *length,* one thought helplessly, the *acting* . . .) But one's awful fears of what might eventually happen at, say, the end of the *Phaedo,* are already, and I hope not too foolhardily, allayed. I suppose these programmes are the logical next step after Mr. Heppenstall's series of *Imaginary Conversations;* and for them the Dialogues have been presented with an engagingly lucid and simple translation by Mr. Hugh Tredennick; they are spoken intelligently and with remarkable grace and lightness; as for Mr. Arthur Young as Socrates, he appears neither to be reading from a script nor to be reciting a part he has learnt: he gives the impression that he is spontaneously holding forth. Dramatically, the producer has indulged himself only to the extent of having a crowd; and has actually persuaded them that they are not the usual mad Promenade Concert mob howling away, but that they are listening intently to what is being said, and that only *some* of them will laugh at one point, and that not all of them will applaud at others. This programme is to be praised.

If I say that Cervantes' *Numancia* was an excellent choice for the normally unsatisfying series called "International Drama," I hope I shall not suggest that I had ever heard of the play before. I hadn't: but I should now like to know it better. It is astonishing to think that Señor de Madariaga has translated the play into English verse, and has even done a good deal of it into rhyme. For all I know, he may have done it *all* into rhyme; but how is one to be able to tell this, when the readers, as here, conspire together to suppress every rhyme they possibly can? Indeed, for cavalier treatment of an excellently devised script, the acting in *Numancia* went farther than I think I have ever known it; though a few exceptions must be recalled, such as the Mother, her child, and the last of the Numantines in that great final scene of desolation. Could not the whole thing be done again, with a cast showing a respect for the shape of its speeches?

Talks. These pour out in amazing quantities, and one can but take one's choice. I am very glad Mr. Philip Hendy's brilliant talk about the cleaned pictures at the National Gallery is to be repeated in the Home Service: having seen the exhibition, I wish that he could be allowed to appeal for funds which might help in getting the muck off some of the others. Mr. Robert Melville, in a bold and refreshing talk about contemporary cross-breedings of cubism and fauvism, had many a deliciously wistful phrase to describe some of the actual objects he had discovered in the pictures of Mr. Robert Colquhoun ("a flat codpiece, a sort of fig-leaf for the fully clad, something like a buckled policeman's-badge"). There was an enchanting talk in the "Window on the West" series by Mrs. Trudy Bliss, about a New Englander's feeling for England, which brought two lumps to the throat, one for its generous affection towards this harassed island, and the other for a recording of the hermit-thrush, whose water-dripping song is, in Mr. Eliot's measured words, justly celebrated. And I begin to admire more and more the virtuosity of those speakers like Mr. Graham Hutton and Mr. J. B. Priestley, the nature of whose subjects usually precludes steady development and climax, but demands a hawk-like circling round and pouncing from time to time on to one particular point. In their recent talks they have each said only one particular thing—Hutton that prices aren't high enough, Priestley that ours should be an age of "great chances," which shouldn't all be given to "dim, debilitated nephews": but what a stimulus, what a relief, it was to hear them so excellently said. I was dazzled by Mr. Hutton; and by Mr. Priestley only less so, because no subject is quite so exciting as the subject of how much things are likely to cost next.

Henry Reed

THE THEATRE

"Deliver My Darling," at the Embassy

"Dark Summer," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

"Man in the Street," at St. James's

"So, friend, your shop was all your house." At the Embassy it is no wonder, for the shop stands for power in a village community—bought at a price, marriage to the owner's half-witted son. An ambitious, tormented girl (Freda Jackson) is tempted through wounded pride into accepting the bargain which, for an unsuspected reason, proves an even bitterer one than she had thought. Moreover, she has exchanged one form of humiliation for another in her husband. So the villagers must wait her pleasure; with no other shop for miles they must queue, beg, placate, but outside the business they have the weapon of laughter—more terrible than any of hers.

In spite of the rural English setting, the situation is curiously French—provincial French of the last century. Miss Joan Temple, the author, who extracts more drama than one would think possible from Government regulations, makes her theme perfectly plausible by staging it in the war period with its narrow and isolating restrictions. She has a gift for under-emphasis; in the character of Sammy Kinsey, for instance (beautifully played by David Greene). Wordsworth's Idiot Boy strayed into a novel by Hardy he seems at first, yet he is seen to grow in confidence—a sensitive, kindly creature with a genius for growing flowers. But to the villagers he is the *idiot,* and they ridicule his wife's attempts to have him taken seriously. Goaded by their laughter she stops resisting the offers of her Mephistophelian black-market admirer (Charles Farrell) who appears silently from strange side doors whenever her moral sense seems likely to weaken. The whole thing is admirably cast.

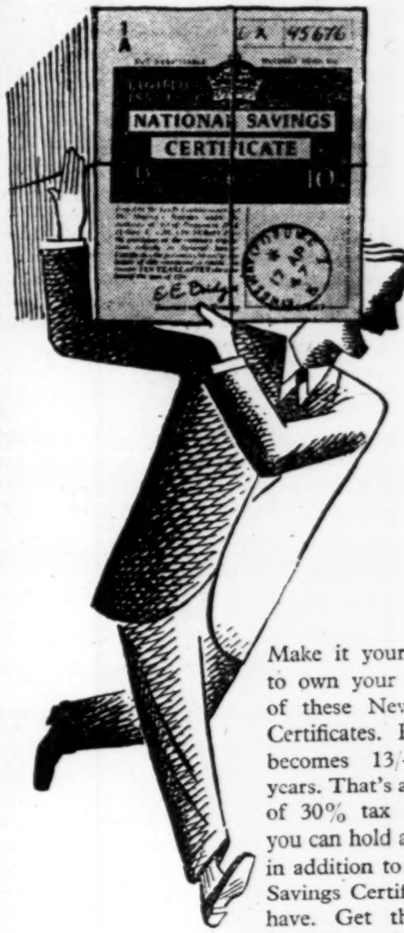
Dark Summer is very nearly a very good play. It fails to be because Mr. Wynyard Browne has tried to do too much with an insufficiently mature equipment. He has two themes, anti-Semitism and physical versus spiritual love. Each of them would have been quite enough by itself for one evening. In blending the two he has not quite succeeded in satisfactorily rounding off either. Nor has he made all the characters fully convincing. The hero is too self-pitying to be true. His fiancée, a "smasher" he met in Cairo when he could see, is too intelligent to make an ass of herself as she does. His mother, a near-miss, is inconsistently drawn, and fusses too stiltedly. The outstanding success is the ugly Jewish refugee employed as a servant in the house, with whose kindness he falls in love when he is blind and with whose face he falls out of love when he can see again. Whenever she, beautifully played by Miss Jean Miller, is on the stage there is life and reality. The best passages are those in which she and the paying guest, who knows she is a "lady," discuss why the English middle classes dislike Jews. Perhaps when Mr. Wynyard Browne writes his next play, he will remember the effectiveness of these two characters and the comparative failure of the others.

At the St. James's a press millionaire has a hunch: find the "ordinary man," boost him, reward him and his wife and mother-in-law with a week's holiday at the most expensive hotel in London, and show that your paper is written for him. The ordinary man proves to be a bank clerk (acted by Bobby Howes with all his well-established charm). The ordinary man gets drunk, kicks over the traces, and with the help of the B.B.C. informs the world, including the head of his bank and the newspaper proprietor just what he thinks of them and their politics. He comes out strong for world government and other subversive doctrines which prove so popular with the public that the press proprietor decides that he has been barking up the wrong tree and that it is necessary to bark to another tune. Asked what else he wants, apart from peace and world government, the ordinary man replies, "a blonde" and at the end of the second act gets her. As there is little dramatic material left after this, it is a pity that convention demands a third act. A slick and frequently amusing comedy; "Man in the Street" includes perhaps just enough serious content to attract an element which may not always come at the call of Bobby Howes and Mr. Basil Dean.

Take all you can carry!

10/-

buys the NEW CERTIFICATES



Make it your ambition to own your full share of these New Savings Certificates. Every one becomes 13/- in ten years. That's an increase of 30% tax free. And you can hold a thousand in addition to any other Savings Certificates you have. Get them from your Bank, Post Office or Savings Group. Every certificate you buy helps the Silver Lining Campaign.

£500 becomes £650 in 10 years

Issued by the National Savings Committee

Correspondence

FRIDAY FORUM

SIR,—The Brains Trust aroused widespread interest in good conversation about general topics; in discontinuing it I assume that the B.B.C. had the excellent idea of substituting regular, more expert discussion on more specialised fields of knowledge. Amongst other B.B.C. discussions we now have first-rate Sunday morning criticism of the arts; I hear we are to have unevasive controversy about religion; and on Friday evenings the B.B.C. has begun serious political arguments on the lines which the periodical editors so successfully inaugurated last February. In itself all this is excellent. But the political discussions are developing in a way which seems to call for some explanation from the B.B.C.

In the first of the Friday discussions, Mr. Kingsley Martin, a critical supporter of the Government, fought a lone battle against Mr. Derek Walker Smith and Mr. W. J. Brown, both representing strongly anti-Government views. The second Forum, with four speakers, was, politically speaking, evenly balanced, but the third was so manifestly unfair that it compels me to write this letter. Mr. Derek Walker Smith and Mr. Laski can be considered well matched opponents who wanted to argue seriously about the chosen questions of Palestine and the recent reconstruction of the Government. But the third speaker, General Spears, was also a high Tory, not apparently much interested in the constitution of the Government and only anxious to put over some Tory slogans and a violently propagandist line about Palestine. Thus once again the discussion was hopelessly overbalanced by its two to one composition.

On the same evening it was announced that the speakers in the next discussion would include Mr Colin Brook, an extreme Right-wing spokesman, Mr. Percy Cudlipp, Editor of the *Daily Herald*, and a third "guest speaker." If this third speaker is either strongly to the Right or the Left, the balance again will be completely distorted. In a boxing match, a champion might hold his own against two less skilled opponents. In a discussion in which all speakers talk for about the same length of time, a fair argument is impossible if one speaker is assailed by two others. And I take it that the B.B.C. wants to provide the listener with an informed, serious and fair presentation of the issue.

What is the B.B.C's plan? Is there to be a regular nucleus of speakers, such as the Brains Trust used to have, plus other guest speakers? Is this the inference to be drawn from the appearance on successive occasions of Mr. Derek Walker Smith, Mr. Colin Brook and Mr. Percy Cudlipp? And if so, who are the other regulars, and how can a balance be maintained if there is only one "guest" who must usually, in effect, support one or other of the two regulars? Or are we to assume that the B.B.C. has not yet made up its mind how Friday Forum is to be organised? If so, I have no complaint of that, for the B.B.C. has the right to experiment. But the B.B.C. itself poses the question when it talks about "guests," and it opens itself to very strong criticism when it creates teams of three instead of four, thus making an equal discussion impossible.

132 Fleet Street, E.C.4. JOHN GALLOWAY

SOUTH-WEST AFRICA

SIR,—In your issue of October 11, Critic writes about the case of South-West Africa, now being considered by the United Nations. In doing so Critic takes as his text certain papers presented to him by the Rev. Michael Scott which purport to represent the grounds for the Hereros' petition to the United Nations Assembly. On the strength of this reading Critic makes some scathing comments on the Union Government in general and Field-Marshal Smuts in particular, from which it is clear that Critic has not checked the story he presents by referring to the official reports setting out the facts.

One or two of these facts will suffice to show the erroneous character of the criticism. First, the Hereros numbered fewer than 33,000 in 1944. They, therefore, represent only 10 per cent. of the total Native population.

Secondly, there are 10,000 Hereros living in the Bechuanaland Protectorate under the British flag. These, with their Paramount Chief Frederick Hahareru, demand that they should come back to South-West Africa; in other words to leave the authority of British rule for the authority of the Mandated Territory.

Thirdly, when consultation took place with the Hereros, the leaders expressed a desire to come together at Windhoek for the purpose of having consultations among themselves. All facilities for this were provided by the Administrator. The reasons for their voting against incorporation revealed clearly that they harboured a grievance against the Union Government for not having handed over to them the whole country, although it was pointed out to them that the Hottentots and the Damaras and other tribes, whom the Hereros themselves had in part displaced in olden times, had just as much right to occupy the land. A full record of the statements made by the Hereros' headmen on this occasion was presented to the United Nations last year.

The statement which Critic makes that "the Referendum was carried through with all the chicanery needed to swindle a simple people" is unworthy of a responsible English journal. The manner in which the Referendum took place has been inquired into and the method approved by Lord Hailey and Mr. Bottomley, both of whom have visited the territory in person. Both these gentlemen are of high repute in the political world; but THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION prefers to believe the words of an admittedly sincere though, I believe, misguided clergyman, who is associated with the Communists.

It is an insult to the Union of South Africa that such statements as this, for instance, can be made: "under the Mandate the White African policy of keeping Natives in the most miserable conditions in the Reserves from which they are forced by taxation to come and work for wages for White masters was increasingly applied." This is absolutely untrue. The fact is that nowhere in Africa has the Native population been treated with such kindly consideration and helpful support in their evolution as in South-West Africa. Where else in Africa could be found a territory where the Native population maintains so high a standard of public order, where there are no police and very few White men, and where the Natives govern themselves without any interference by the Mandatory power except that of tactful guidance by the Administration's sole representative in the Native territory? They pay no direct taxation whatsoever towards the general revenue of the country. Each Reserve has a trust fund into which is paid all grazing fees, levies and other income for expenditure by the Natives themselves solely for the economic improvement of their own area. The benefits they derive from all medical services and education are paid for by the Administration from its meagre revenue, which depends upon the weather, and which has frequently to be supported by moneys from the Union.

In any case, whatever faults may be found in the administration of South-West Africa—and there are faults in all African administrations—the Union has just cause for pride in the devotion to Native interests consistently displayed by its few able officials, and for the high regard which the Union Government has consistently shown for the obligations of the Mandate; vide many years of reports to the Mandate Commission at Geneva.

I do not consider that THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION serves any useful purpose by telling its public that the Natives were the victims of "trickery": that "they voted 'British' because that meant they were to come under the British Crown": that "they were even shown the Union Jack": all this with the object of getting them to vote for incorporation with the

Kirkstall Abbey

CENTURIES OLD ABBEYS, churches, mansions, priceless heirlooms of the craftsmen of the past—these are the historic background of the Yorkshire of today with its thousands of craftsmen skilled in so many trades.

This tradition persists throughout Yorkshire, among its people, in its cities, towns and industries, and is the solid foundation upon which "The Yorkshire Post" is established.

Owned, edited and published in Yorkshire, "The Yorkshire Post" is indeed part of Yorkshire life, yet has a breadth of outlook known and respected throughout the world.

The Yorkshire Post

The Newspaper of the North

YP47

GO

NAVIGATION ON THE ROAD?

When the *Queen Mary* enters a busy port, she and all the other vessels obey the recognized lights and signals on which safe navigation depends.

We, too, obey lights and signals — and rely on them for safety — when we drive or ride or walk on the roads.

We are, in fact, "road navigators." Modern traffic simply could not work without a set of rules which we all accept.

Unfortunately, we don't all know and understand the principles of Road Navigation — or we forget or ignore them. And some of us don't yet realize that the rules apply to *everyone*. We are *all* part of the traffic — walkers as well as cyclists and drivers.

By learning to be skilful Road Navigators, we can help ourselves and everyone else to *get home safe and sound*.

GET HOME SAFE AND SOUND

Issued by the Ministry of Transport

11,422,475

people found

accommodation in

Salvation Army

hostels during

1946

Where there's need—there's The Salvation Army

Your help is needed to fight evil and want.

Please send a gift to

General Albert Orsborn, C.B.E.,

101 *Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.*

TIRED
before the day is out?
TRY

HALMAGON

BRAND TABLETS

BUILDS BRAIN, BODY & NERVES

Chemists 3/11½d; 11/10d; inc. tax

Marshall's Proprietaries Ltd., Croydon

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/5 and 3/5.

Union. It should be unnecessary to point out to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that the Union Jack flies in South-West Africa; that the territory is administered under the British Crown; and the fact that the Hereros in British Bechuanaland are petitioning to be allowed to return to the Mandated Territory of South-West Africa which they left many years ago, is evidence that they consider it a better place to live in than the Bechuanaland Protectorate under the rule of Tshekedi. G. HEATON NICHOLLS,

South Africa House, High Commissioner
W.C.2.

[Critic writes: "I expected my paragraph to provoke some such official reply, suggesting that even the economic, social and health conditions of South-West Africa are satisfactory—a statement that is easily refuted by official documents, let alone by individual testimony. As for the Commissioner's other points, the number of Hereros and their political ambitions seem alike irrelevant, while the statement that those of them who live in Bechuanaland want to return to South-West Africa seems an odd way of describing the demand of natives for the return of land taken from them by White settlers. As to the swindling methods of the referendum, the evidence I have seen seems to me fairly conclusive, and it does not all come from the Rev. Michael Scott, whose name the High Commissioner unworthily tries to smear. His confused point about the Union Jack at the end merely corroborates my charge that some natives voted for the Union Jack as against Portuguese, French or Belgian flags in the belief that they were voting to return to British and not to South African administration! It is, I believe, true that some whitewashing remarks about the referendum were officially made, but I recall that the applications of Lord Hailey and of the Director of the South African Institute of Racial Relations to go to South-West Africa at the time of the referendum itself were rejected by the South African Government."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

LABOUR'S COLONIAL POLICY

SIR,—I appreciated Graham Hough's article on Colonial Policy, but hope you will give me space to challenge him on two points. He writes that detailed Parliamentary questions on Colonial affairs "are worse than useless" because they encourage the Colonies to look outside themselves for salvation. The trouble is that the ultimate political power *is* still "outside themselves," in the hands of our Parliament. As their own democratic institutions are built up, recourse to the British Parliament becomes less and less necessary, and successive Colonial Secretaries have positively discouraged questions on Ceylon and Jamaica—for example—in recent years. But the remaining Colonies are still far from responsible self-government, and the questions have to be put at the place where power lies—in Parliament itself. One would not suggest to the people of West Ham to put their complaints about the level of old-age pensions to their local borough council, when the level is actually decided at Westminster.

Mr. Hough's experience of the failure of Governments in encouraging trade unionism seems to be confined to Malaya, where the situation has been as complicated as he describes. In most other colonial areas the picture is entirely different. British Trade Unionists may have met with initial suspicion in their work, but I have met general agreement that on the whole the policy has been very successful—so much so that it is being everywhere extended. Malaya is a different kettle of fish from Africa or the West Indies, and one should not discredit, too lightly, the impressive work of these official trade union advisers, in bringing an understanding to colonial workers of what collective bargaining and trade union organisation really mean. RITA HINDEN

ANTI-SEMITISM

SIR,—This letter concerns the articles written by Miss Rebecca West, for the *Evening Standard*, on Anti-Semitism. I ought first to say that I am an American, in England only for a few years, and that I see your country from a somewhat different perspective than do most of your readers. I certainly should not have troubled to write you about Miss West's innocuous little articles because of what they say or omit saying about Anti-Semitism. I write because these articles themselves seem symptomatic of an ailment more dangerous to England than the doctrines of any street corner fanatics; of a disease which has nothing to do with the Jews, and which seems to have its spreading roots among many honest and progressive men.

Let us trace the workings of Miss West's mind. On the one side are the Fascists, with their horrible and malevolent doctrine, a cardinal point of which is the annihilation of Jews. Now the Jews, not unnaturally, dislike the idea of being annihilated, and a few of them oppose the Fascists by heckling. Miss West notices that the Fascists are generally stupid and vulgar, and that many of the hecklers are also stupid and vulgar, and that both parties annoy indifferent passers-by who are on their way to the pub for a pint, or who are generally carrying on their quiet and decent lives. Seeing the Fascists, vulgarly and noisily, proposing the annihilation of Jews, and seeing some Jews, vulgarly and noisily, opposing this proposition, Miss West, who dislikes noise and vulgarity, pronounces "a plague on both your houses." It's funny. It puts the murderer in the same category as the corpse—for, while the murderer showed bad form in attacking and killing the woman, the woman also displayed frightfully bad form in the awkward, ungainly way with which she defended herself, in her screams, and in the downright ugly noises that she made while her life ebbed away. Besides, her nails were filthy.

The ailment which I see is a blunted sensitivity, sometimes a complete lack of sensitivity to the primal essential facts of good and evil. Too often the evil is confused with the vulgar, the ill-mannered, the illegal, the irritating, the annoying, the unpleasant, the poor form. Too often the good is confused with the indifferent, the placid, the lethargic, the legal, the pleasant, the well mannered, the genteel.

ROBERT SOLO

37 Willow Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

SYDNEY WEBB

SIR,—There are doubtless many among your readers who would wish to add some personal memories of Sidney Webb to Kingsley Martin's appreciation. And perhaps nearly all of them are centred in No. 41 Grosvenor Road; for, during the last twenty years of the wonderful partnership, Passfield Corner, Liphook, was a retreat that could be accessible only to a minority of their friends.

Mr. Martin is, of course, right in underlining his prodigious intellectual stimulus and the manner of its operation. Sidney Webb was direct and markedly simple in expression; always ready to talk and give help. He was not often scornful, though he was quick and final in dropping the trivial talker or idle inquirer. I recall that at our first interview, at the merest hint of possible usefulness, he gave me a cordial note to Hewins at the School of Economics.

It was in the first year of the NEW STATESMAN that for a short time I was, with Clifford Sharp, a regular guest at luncheon. The meal was unvarying in pattern, perfectly served by the Scottish housekeeper who, according to H. G. Wells, was destined to be the tyrant of their old age. (She wasn't.) Wells was not alone in spreading the absurd story that the table at No. 41 was meagre. For all normal intellectual workers, I should say, it was just right. True there was no time to waste, and you were not there if you had nothing to contribute. As a rule there were one or two specific subjects to talk over, but there was never a lack of lighter topics, including personal news and gossip, amid which one did not hear an ill-natured remark from either end of the table. At a dinner party one evening, soon after Mr. Churchill entered the Asquith Cabinet, a bright voice was heard: "Oh, Mr. Webb, everybody is telling me to read *The New Machiavelli*; what do you say?" "Read it by all means," was the answer; "there's a speaking likeness of me in the book!"

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION
for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE
& PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the **Matric.; School Cert.; University Entrance; B. Com.; B.Sc. Econ.; LL.B.** and other external London Degrees. **Civil Service Examinations, etc.**

Also expert postal tuition for **Prelim. Exams.** and for the professional exams. in **Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, &c.,** and many intensely practical (non-exam.) courses in commercial subjects.

9,000 Examination Successes in a Single Year

Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Text-book lending library. Moderate fees, payable by instalments.

Write to-day for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested, to the Secretary (D1/4),

METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
ST. ALBANS
or call 30, Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.4.

ACADEMY CINEMA
Oxford Street. Gerrard 2981
Prog. of Realism and Poetry.
BATAILLE du RAIL (A)
&
PARTIE de CAMPAGNE (A)

BANKING AND ART

Banking is an art—not a Science—and success in banking is dependent upon an acute perceptiveness of the changing times and the extended services which modern trends demand.

Such a service is provided by the C.W.S. Bank, and the Manager at Head Office, Manchester, or any of the branches named below will gladly supply the fullest details of our Banking Service on request.

C.W.S. BANK

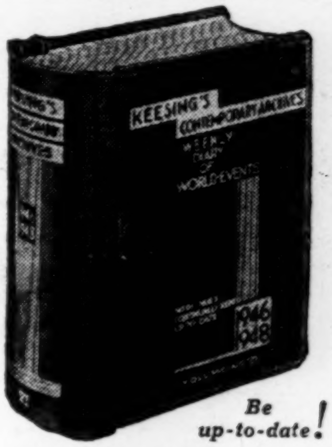
Head Office:
1, Balloon Street, MANCHESTER, 4.

Branches: 99, Leman Street, LONDON, E.1. (*Sub-Branches:* W.C.2 and S.W.1); West Blandford Street, NEWCASTLE; Broad Quay, BRISTOL; 8/9, Griffin Street, NEWPORT, Mon.; Claypath, DURHAM; 19, Wellington Street, LEEDS, 1; 116, St. Mary Street, CARDIFF; 212, Chapel Street, SALFORD; Gower Street, DERBY; 14/16, New London Road, CHELMSFORD.

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO THE COLLECTOR
Autumn Catalogue of
RARE BOOKS

The Times Book Club is recognised as one of the main channels for disposing of family libraries and specialist collections. From recently acquired volumes have been selected the rare books, examples of fine printing and binding and selected standard editions. These have been listed in the Autumn Catalogue of Rare Books, a happy reminder of the more spacious days of good printing and in itself a pleasure to read. Your request for a copy will be promptly dealt with.

THE TIMES
BOOK CLUB
BOOK SHOP
THE TIMES BOOK CLUB
42 Wigmore Street, London, W.1
T.P.W.



Be up-to-date!

In the days before KEESING'S you had to potter about with scissors and paste making shift with your skimpy scrap-book. To-day, you just join KEESING'S and at a moderate subscription you receive every week by post the essential abstracts, expertly condensed, verified and translated from the world's leading newspapers, neatly recorded in loose-leaf supplements which slip into a special binder to form KEESING'S—the *modern* Reference Tool on Politics, Economics, Social Questions—readily indexed from cover to cover.

Keesing's Publ. Ltd. · Keynsham · Bristol
Please supply free details of your service.
Name..
Address..N.St.10

Mr. Martin describes Sidney Webb as the ideal civil servant. Yet not altogether ideal, I suspect, from the Whitehall point of view, since he was anything but a routineer: the Bentham-like quality of reform and initiative was never quiescent. As to the place of art in life, Graham Wallas, who knew them most intimately, held that in him there was rather more response than in Beatrice, while he would remind her of Wells's saying that she was about as musical as a railway whistle! I have never known a more entirely untroubled mind. A psychologist, he would say, would no doubt classify him as an integrated personality.

"Disinterested reasonableness" and generosity were most certainly the hall-marks of Sidney Webb. This quality of mind and spirit was displayed in everything that he did. And yet, as we know, the Webbs' activity and method aroused all sorts of suspicions, particularly among men and women whose spiritual home was the old I.L.P. The partners believed in sound institutions and skilled administration. Their opponents in the Labour Movement persisted in thinking of them as given over to centralisation and compulsion. Webb would content himself in reply with a reminder that he had spent his life in writing the history of the voluntary associations of England and explaining their significance in the national economy. "Our greatest Cockney," says G. B. S., at the close of a friendship of more than sixty years. Sidney Webb was that, and much more. He was an extraordinary product of his time and class; an illustration of England as a land of opportunity for intellect and character, a shining example of the religion of public service.

Princes Risborough. S. K. RATCLIFFE

A DAY WITH THE TORIES

SIR,—Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's gentle remonstrance would not invite comment from me, except that it is unmerited in two important particulars.

My comparison of his references to Trade Unionists with the sound of a repetitious musical instrument formed part of some general observations on how not to woo the working-class. They were not intended to relate to Mr. Boyd-Carpenter's "patronage" speech at the Conference, but to his many speeches on Trade Unions elsewhere.

As for his triumphant implication that I am not a Trade Unionist, may I declare (though I do not favour a "closed shop" for those entitled to defend Trade Unionism) that I have been for years a not inactive member of a great Trade Union, affiliated to the T.U.C. MAURICE EDELMAN

House of Commons.

PROSPECTS IN GERMANY

SIR,—In view of the dismantling of a further 682 factories in our Zone (not counting those from certain other important categories) it is useful to recall the words of Mr. Bevin at Moscow on March 12: "We must ensure that Germany has an adequate peace potential. If it falls too low, if Germany becomes an economic cesspool in the middle of Europe, we shall sow the seeds of another war just as surely as if we were to leave war potential for making armaments."

Is there not some risk that this is just what will now happen? In fixing the target for industry at the 1936 level, has account been taken of the millions of refugees crowded into our industrial Zone, and the loss of food supplies formerly produced by them in Eastern Germany? Even at the present low standard of life (actual starvation under our regime for at least 10 per cent.) it would need an expansion of exports far beyond the 1936 level to balance the overseas food imports now made necessary. So far, however, there is small sign of the 1936 level being attained for many years to come. And while the interests of production urgently demand higher standards of living, the continuance of taxation (let alone any increase) to pay for German food supplies would be resented by Americans and British alike.

Seeds of war are already being sown in the minds of millions of despairing refugees as well as in the minds of those who are forced to share with them overcrowded spaces and minimal supplies of life's barest necessities. Can we really expect any of these people to show "sweet reasonableness" and to accept the official argument as to our "generosity"? The justice of Potsdam and the soundness of the economic argument is convincing to the Allied experts (or to some of them), but it cannot be so to the worker who sees his factory closed down and equipment carried away. Far from seeing any "justice" in the hunger of his children and in the hopeless outlook (as it appears to him) of his country he tends to attribute the forcible closing of factories to motives of industrial competition. Worse still the belief has already spread widely that the conqueror's policy is designed to kill off some millions of the German population. Their bitterness is only exacerbated by the threats of the generals who have gone so far as to threaten the withholding of food as a means of pressure on workers who refuse to take part in the destroying of their factories. Is this the right way to serve the interests of "security", or are we creating a new "war potential" in the souls of German workers?

Whingate, DOROTHY F. BUXTON
Peaslake, Surrey.

THE APRON STAGE

SIR,—Mr. Desmond Shawe-Taylor has very rightly suggested that, in order to improve the tonal quality of the orchestras at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, an apron stage should be built over the orchestra pit for Sunday Concerts.

This was in fact done at Covent Garden last autumn for Mr. de Sobata's concert, but under present-day conditions it cannot be done regularly. The only possible time for rehearsal at the Opera House is Sunday morning. This means that after the curtain falls on the Saturday night performance, staff must be kept on specially to build out the stage during the night which is neither a practical nor economic proposition. The only real answer is a proper concert hall for London as soon as possible.

Royal Opera House, JAMES SMITH
Covent Garden Trust.

ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION

SIR,—In view of the recent discussion published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION on the subject of artificial insemination for women desiring it, the following (Swedish) figures may be of interest.

Between July 1st, 1945, and July 1st, 1947, one hundred and seventy women asked for insemination, with the husband as donor, of which requests seventy-nine were granted.

Cases where the donor was not the husband amounted to three hundred and ten requests, of which fifty-two were granted. In one of these latter cases the donor was the father-in-law of the woman patient.

The Swedish medical authorities have now prepared and submitted to the Government certain proposals for a law to cover this whole question; and it will contain clauses to protect all concerned in such operations: the child, the mother, the donor and the specialist doctors. E. K. JOHANSSON

Stockholm.

JUDICIAL MURDER

SIR,—Mr. Athanassoglou is to be congratulated on his forthright questions to Mr. Pallis, but I would like to correct his reference to myself. I did not write that the "civilised world" was indignant at the execution of Mr. Petkov. I specifically referred to the British Government and Press. The two are not synonymous. In fact I entirely agree with the views of Mr. E. P. Thomson and consider Petkov guilty.

TH. DOGANIS,
London E.A.M. Press Correspondent

12 Michelham Gardens,
Twickenham, Middlesex.

The March of Literature
from Confucius to Modern Times
FORD MADOX FORD

"This is a tremendous work, having as its subject all the literary achievement of mankind. . . . . There are over 800 pages of it, and it is immensely readable. . . . . It should be widely read"—EDWARD SHANKS in *John o'London's Weekly*

"Should be in the hands of everyone who is really interested either in reading or writing."—*The Scotsman*

2nd impression 21s. net

George Allen & Unwin Ltd

New Edition of this world-famous novel
ARNOLD ZWEIG
THE CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA

"The greatest novel on a war theme that we have had from any country."—*J. B. Priestley.*
"A truly remarkable book, conceived on a vast scale and sustained with unfaltering power."
Daily Mail

Now Ready 10/6 *net*

HUTCHINSON
INTERNATIONAL
AUTHORS LTD.

OCTOBER 27
Western Political Thought
JOHN BOWLE
Lecturer in History at Wadham College, Oxford

A carefully documented account of the most influential writers on political theory in their historical setting. 21s. net

The Essential Hemingway

Containing the whole of *Fiesta*, long extracts from three other novels, twenty-three short stories, and the Epilogue to *Death in the Afternoon*. 12s. 6d. net

JONATHAN CAPE

THE BUILDING OF
BATH
47-1947
BRYAN LITTLE

A new and up-to-date presentation of the Bath that has come down to us through 1900 years as one of Britain's most glorious treasures. A scholarly, witty and immensely readable account, handsomely illustrated with 130 modern photographs. *15s*

COLLINS

BOOKS IN GENERAL

It is three hundred years since the birth of Cervantes in some house among the cold arcades of Alcalà de Henares; and with Carrasco, the spoofing Bachelor, we still exclaim, "Let but Don Quixote lay on and Sancho talk, be what it will, we are satisfied." Satisfied to ignore the brilliant commentators who are as black as flies upon the pair of them, satisfied to read through from cover to cover again, spurning all counterfeits, abridgments and simplifications and getting down with appetite to the meat and marrow. Or so we ought to be, for *Don Quixote* is the wisest, the most seminal of books, though the second virtue has worked to its disadvantage. We see Don Quixote at the foundation of the English novel, in Fielding, Smollett and Dickens; we see the female of him—or Flaubert said we should—in *Madame Bovary;* he ferments in Gogol and many other Russians; his children are so many that the father is no longer real; and when we discover him again, it is a shock to find how much greater, richer and more powerful he is than the descendants among whom his virtues have been parcelled out. They took what served them and the strain has thinned.

Of the English novelists only Fielding, with his masculine sagacity, his established mind, his sense of theatre and satire, had the straight impact of *Don Quixote.* Quixotry, as it has since been understood in England, has meant little more than the eccentric and, indeed, the word has now become so watered down that the sour taste of the original rough Spanish wine has gone. Where other writers have been impregnated, as all must be, by the two great characters of *Don Quixote,* the most original and fecund of all imaginary beings, Fielding was also struck by the manner of narrative, by the studied mode of conversation, enacted and yet easy, familiar but not flaccidly out of touch with literature, which was the manner of Cervantes. In his adaptation of it Fielding showed his sensibility to the literary needs of his time. The effect of revolution upon literature is to drive it back to weed and nature; it has to be crossed and grafted again and recultivated to revive. "The lesson of the master" for Fielding whose own generation had emerged from revolution, was that Cervantes had found a bridge of talk about talk that would link literary with popular utterance. On this plane, what is *Don Quixote* but a record of the conversations, of the attempts at communication, made by an educated and an uneducated man? Their mockery of each other is the mainstay of their relationship, and a great deal of it is linguistic; Sancho belches and Don Quixote begs him in future to eructate. The pair are conducting private expeditions into the illusions of their respective cultures.

This is a commonplace of the history of Spanish literature. We have forgotten it because we are still living on the bizarre and genial *Don Quixote* of the second centenary; when, in fact, the third finds us placed in a situation sharply resembling that of the first. How is the contemporary writer to create a literature which shall be considered and yet, in the pure sense, popular; civilised and yet not esoteric; which shall draw upon, let us say, Henry James, the great bureaucrat of romance and yet, shaking free from his noble procrastinations, speak from the common centre of the interests and desires of mankind? We hear so much of the double, the triple split in our culture that the phrase is becoming a cliché of criticism, a way of avoiding the subject; literary culture—how *Don Quixote* supports us—is a literary question and nothing else. Like Cervantes we have to reconcile our lofty romances with our picaresque tale. We are forced back to the question of style, and, if the example of Cervantes means anything, to a subtle manipulation of many styles. From that example, we might indeed assume that our hope lies in the desperation of some failed intellectual, not (to use Don Quixote's own word) in some eructation from the windy belly of the people's art movement.

Where all who have been inspired by *Don Quixote* have fallen short, from the Russians down to Fielding, and from Fielding to the boisterous jog-trotting of *Hudibras* and *Dr. Syntax,* is in a comparable range of enterprise. Whether Cervantes intended it or not, Don Quixote is precisely the Spain of the discoveries, of the counter-reformation, the Armada's defeat. If it is too far-fetched to say that the figure of Dulcinea consciously symbolises the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception which dominated the Spanish fantasy through the Reconquest, we cannot resist being so far-fetched. The whole of Spain—the vision of those scratched and shambling roads, those dune-like hills of the moon landscape of Castile, those saw-tooth mountains—arises from the page not merely by the power of evocation, but out of the very dryness of the speech of the rhetorical master and the garrulous man. But more than a vision of landscape comes to our mind; the tragedy of those Spanish events overflows into it. I do not refer to the curious topical detail: how Don Quixote meets a fleeing Morisco on the road and shows us "limpieza" or expropriation and extermination in the flesh; nor to the tales of captivity, nor to those trim touches where the habits of a region are noted—the familiarity of the Aragonese with their servants, the eagerness with which everyone in those days took the style of Don, the lewdness of the blind singers—though these play their part. I am thinking of Cervantes' profound perception that the idea of nobility contained the essence of the Spanish drama and that it was a tragic idea.

The sense of nobility in Cervantes is far beyond the soldierly or knightly and is not simply medieval. It springs from a conception of the completeness of the individual in his own right. Don Quixote's delusions are his passport to the spiritual life, his madness is his privilege, fantasy is the privilege of man. For Sancho's proverbs are no less fantastic; as Don Quixote often points out, nothing contradicts itself so often as worldly wisdom; a bird in the hand may be worth two in the bush but a good hope is better than a bad possession. What completes these characters, so that they roll through time like adjacent and aging worlds, like earth and moon, continually casting light and shadow upon each other, is the authority given to their inner life, which the great climax in Montesino's cave, in the second part, establishes and Don Quixote's comment on Sancho's account of his flight through the heavens confirms:

> They did not think fit to ask Sancho more about his voyage; for they judged he would ramble all over the heavens, and tell them news of whatever was doing there, though he had not stirred out of the garden . . .
>
> "Sancho," said Don Quixote, whispering him in the ear, "if thou would'st have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I desire thee to believe what I saw in Montesino's cave. I say no more."

So Sancho is licensed and ennobled. His imagination is awake and at last commands him. He is fitted to attempt the realisation of his own delusion: to govern his island. Like Don Quixote he too is "a diversified madman with lucid intervals." How far we have travelled, in this second part of the book, from the cranky master and the oafish squire, with their basted ribs and their bruises, and their fixed, contrasting dialogue. We have entered upon the high casuistry of the theme.

Those who rely on the judgment that the first book of Don Quixote is the more virile and racy in its comedy, and who skip through the second deny themselves the key. It is no longer a string of adventures, but moves to its climax and to a tragedy that is blessed and without wound. The defeat of Don Quixote; the terrifying silence in which the once chattering Sancho Panza leaves his island when he finds he has not the courage to defend it; and the heart-breaking moment when Don Quixote falls ill and, returning to sanity, dies because life is no longer worth living—these are scenes which take the book to the greatest heights. Everything that leads to the island is beautiful. The gracious interchange of letters between the Duchess and Teresa Panza, to begin with: the sight of delicacy and kindness in a book so filled with grotesque disaster fills the eyes with tears. And we are so melted that we catch the wild mood of Sanchica who cries out:

> When they saw me sitting in our coach by my mother they should say: Look, look, there is the garlic-eater's daughter! How she sits, and goes lolling in her coach like a she-Pope!

and the excitement of her mother:

> When a cow is given thee, run and take her with a halter. When they give thee a government, take it; when an earldom, catch it; and when they whistle to thee with a good gift, snap at it. Nay, never lie asleep and answer not, when good luck and good words stand crying at the door.

As for government itself, from Don Quixote we get a practical wisdom, the more benign for being strained through that addled skull:

> To gain the hearts of the people whom thou rulest, among other things you must do two: one is to be courteous to all . . . and the other to provide plenty of provisions, for nothing more afflicts the spirits of the poor man than hunger and scarcity.
>
> Do not issue many new orders; and if thou dost put out any, see that they be good, and especially that they are obeyed; for laws not well obeyed are the same as they were not.

And, as if he had learned from the shrewd Sancho:

> Be a terror to the butchers, that they may be fair in their weights; and keep huckster women in awe, for the same reason.

Sancho's notions of government had been gathered from his betters: "The man whose father is judge goes safe to the trial." "The rich man's follies pass for wise sayings in this world. So I, being rich, do you see, and a governor, and free-handed into the bargain, as I intend to be, I shall have no faults at all." But in practice Sancho is a Solomon. He cracks all the conundrums of the law in his plain teeth—perhaps part of our delight in the book springs from the universal pleasure in construing riddles—and his decrees are directed at the black market, encouraging the import of wine under truthful labels, reducing the price of boot leather and "regulating servants wages" (a shrewd dig here at the servant turned master) "that were increasing at a headlong pace." A good government, they said; and, as Sancho said, he made nothing out of it.

The frank and yet tender realism of Sancho Panza's governorship and the moderation of Don Quixote's political counsel only confirm at the end of the book, what has been plainer and plainer all the way through: that a wide gap separates *Don Quixote* from what has since been called the quixotic. It has been assumed that anyone who holds an unpopular idea, who heroically "tilts against windmills" for the loftiest motives, who is an enlightened crank or is a dedicated eccentric, is a Quixote. This is to forget a vital aspect of Don Quixote's character: his brain is addled and he is mad. The adventures of this book are not seen through the wide open eyes of the idealists; but through the veiled, half-closed eyes of the insane, eyes that do not tell what they know or what they do not know, that disturb us with a cunning self-knowledge, and take delight in the colourless shrewdness of the aggrieved brain behind them. In everything from his clothes to his malice, from his megalomania to his terrified chastity, from his casuistries to those alarming side glances when he appears to give all away, Don Quixote is an exact portrait of a madman peering from a grey and twilit mind. Quixotism, in its crude, bustling, uplifting way, has forgotten this; it has exalted the unbearable egotism of the crank; and has never entered, as Cervantes in his great mercy did, into that universal region of the human spirit where the imagination reigns like an ungovernable and fretful exile in a court of shadows. More than the eccentrics and the mystics, Madame Bovary (as Flaubert said) is the heir.

V. S. PRITCHETT

FINNEGANS WAKE

A Skeleton Key to Finnegans Wake. By JOSEPH CAMPBELL and HENRY MORTON ROBINSON. *Faber.* 16s.

Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robinson are two young (I take it), zealous and intelligent American scholars, who, instead of devoting themselves to the private life of Sherlock Holmes or the impossibility of Shakespeare being Shakespeare, have spent a couple of years elucidating *Finnegans Wake.* They have done a service to literature; for their "skeleton key" really opens the doors to that palace or mausoleum which hitherto one had known only by popping in at windows. They give us the plot, the cyclical structure, the themes; they follow the Protean characters through fog, fire and water; they abound in demonstration of the whole and the parts; word by word, they decipher and expound the first four paragraphs, contenting themselves thereafter with a running précis, generously interspersed by notes. Very little of Joyce's complex intention seems to have been missed. The labyrinth has been threaded. And this, they assure us modestly, has been accomplished with the aid of "a shelf of dictionaries, the *Blue Guide* to Ireland, and a general knowledge of history and literature."

Anyone who chooses can now, thanks to Messrs. Campbell and Robinson, read *Finnegans Wake* with a more or less continuous understanding from beginning to end. That few will so choose is not in itself a criticism of the later Joyce. He appeals, faults notwithstanding, to a special kind of reader; so, one may remark also, do Kafka, Bloy, Proust, Blake and Henry James. *Their* ultimate recesses or dead-ends are, for the initiate if no one else, filled with illumination. What, then, are the particular tastes, aberrations, refinements of the Joycean reader?

First, perhaps, the grudge against literature and language as such. The ideal worlds of the poem and the novel create a distance between page and reader; substitute, therefore, the particular for the ideal, split up the feeling into its component parts, listen to the senses and the mind ticking over. The exasperation with literary conventions will find an outlet in parody. Since language itself is the failure to say exactly what one means, and tends to a smug acquiescence in common consent—create a new language.

Second, poetry is incantation. If one's material is the internal patter of the mind, that must be given verbal continuity, a voice; and if (as in *Finnegans Wake*) one descends into dreams, where the racial and the individual experience meet and where words play so unimportant a part, then expression must accept the devices of the unconscious—symbolism, association, distortion, telescoping of ideas, etc. Still the *voice* must carry all. (Here the un-Joycean reader—the devotee, say, of *The Wings of a Dove*—will interject, "Nonsense! Impossible!")

Third, the difficulty of communication counting for nothing against the riches ored from the unconscious, and the musical gains in language. Since every word is so re-shaped as to contain all the desired associations, any vague or ambiguous overtones disappear, to be replaced by an exact complex of meaning and sound. The bare word becomes, in *Finnegans Wake,* the verbal chord. This final development, as revolutionary as it was with Joyce inevitable, has its analogy in the puns and *doubles entendres* of popular speech. Its use may be harmonious, mocking, or merely paradoxical. *Itma,* one might say, is the plain man's *Finnegans Wake.*

Fourth, that alliance of scholasticism, enormity, smut, banter and word-volleying, which one may find in Rabelais, and to a lesser degree in Burton and Sterne.

Fifth, the encyclopædist's mania for taking everything into account and saying the last million words.

Sixth, the belief in analogies, categories, correspondences, etc., for their own sake.

Seventh, the hugely elaborated conviction of guilt through which, as from childhood or a more primitive age, breaks the sense of fun.

Eighth, exile, isolation, the *camera obscura* that sees everything with extraordinary clarity, but upside down, in the dark

Such, it seems to me, are the prime inclinations of the Joycean reader and, needless to say, of Joyce himself. Without being possessed of some of them, and having a strong sense of the others, it would be quite useless for any reader to take up *Finnegans Wake* even under the enlightened guidance of Messrs. Campbell and Robinson. In the same way I should discourage anyone who couldn't understand Shakespeare (many do not) from attempting *Hamlet,* or the bluffly extravert from sailing into the works of Kafka. But given the propensity we shall find *Finnegans Wake* a fascinating study, compulsive, gay, tedious, overburdened, melancholy, and touched with a sympathy of despair. Though in many ways the least "successful" of Joyce's books—that is to say, the least likely to appeal and the least accessible—it comes nearest to solving his artistic problems and attains a unity not belonging, for example, to *Ulysses.* Its accommodation of myth and the present, striven after by so many modern poets, is uniquely achieved; here, in an immediately poetic shape, are brought together Thomas Nashe and Sir James Frazer, Jung and Skelton, Landor and the Book of Genesis and Damon Runyon. Gods and demigods contend in the twilight; ages flit and return; the sleeper tries to stir, his arm has become a hillside; brooks sing thin twisty little tunes that enlarge to a placid spate; sightseers gather round a relic of Napoleon; a new Don Juan uproariously addresses the girls of a Dublin High School; there are wakes, brawls, snatches of jazz, old battles, copulations, prehistoric crackings in the ice, gossip that trails off in the rustling wind; growth and decay, birth and love and death and resurrection; everything passes and everything returns.

That is the grand general impression. We no longer complain that we don't get it; but getting it, can we hold it? Has not the extraordinary novelty and complexity of Joyce's technique made it almost impossible for us to absorb quite simply what is going in at the eye? Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robinson, I gather, who have taken enormous trouble in the matter, feel no such qualms. For them Joyce has resumed finally the civilisation in which we live, they have unriddled the Sphinx, and there's an end of it.

Having read *Finnegans Wake* only a second time myself, and being at the best a moderate Joycean, I find that my enjoyment lags in the early or exploring stage. The energy and delicacy of the word-creation still amazes me. "Not yet . . . had a kidscad buttended a bland old isaac." "One happy-go-gusty Ides-of-April morning." "Gowndabout, in clericalease habit." "This daylit dielate night of nights." "As to his religion if any? It was the see-you-Sunday sort." "Teat-a-teat with two viragos intactas." "By that Vale Vowclose's lucydlac, the reignbeau's heavenarches arronged orranged her." Familiar passages—the washerwomen by the Liffey, and the fable of the Mookse and the Gripes—are a delight to recover, and other portions of the book where one had rattled on in a state of jaunty bemusement have gained both in clarity and power. Perusing again with the help of Messrs. Campbell and Robinson I have noticed that the tension of the narrative is very much raised whenever the reader has solid objects or a prolonged scene to cling to: during this re-reading, which took me off and on a fortnight, I found the satirical court scene and the Zolaesque father and mother in bed immensely impressive. The impenetrable fogs and forests are thinning away. But is Joyce's creation, so huge in intention and bulk, of the kind that will survive persistent study? Won't the charm of that lonely delicate voice have worn off by the time we accustom ourselves to digesting all it utters? Will those superimposed patterns ever vividly flash into one? I don't know. For Mr. Campbell and Mr. Robinson the great day has already come. We owe them a debt not only of gratitude but of wondering envy.

G. W. STONIER

SCIENCE IN TRANSITION

Science in Transition. BY A. W. HASLETT. *Christopher Johnson.* 10s. 6d.

When almost everyone is in a muddle about some important matter, a book which honestly tries to look it straight in the face without partisanship or dogmatism is worth writing and reading. Such a book is bound to reflect the prevalent confusion and to be open to dispute by those who have not had the industry or courage to write one themselves. This is the virtue of Mr. Haslett's survey of what scientists have done, how they have done it, and where they and their work are likely to get to next as they swing from wartime achievement into the unknown country of the so-called peace. He arranges this as a kind of sandwich, the meat being some rapid sketches of the more important fields of scientific research in the last few decades, and the bread a more general discussion of the scientist's make-up, his method of work, and how it is to be organised to satisfy both him and the State from which, in the last analysis, he now largely gets his orders and his salary.

To take the meat first. There is a sleight of pen, almost a benevolent confidence trick, in a popular scientific summary which is well done. The unknown in the writer's problem is the depth of his reader's ignorance. If this is nicely judged, there is a kind of intoxication in reading confidently on, scudding breezily along the surface of the deep, quite unconscious of the artificial buoyancy—and perhaps one never stops, becalmed and sinking, to ask "This is grand; but what do I really understand about it all?" Mr. Haslett's skill in this tricky business is rather patchy. He does not always avert the drowning, damning question, and sometimes, as in what he says on agriculture, food and nutrition he seems too uncertain of his own course to try. He is at his best in unravelling the long thread of astonishing events which led to the atomic pile, in sketching what goes on inside it, and in showing how that ferocious process may lead, as we will, to death or to more abundant life. The breadth and sanity of his view come out well here, when he maintains that the radioactive isotopes of certain elements which appear as by-products of nuclear fission may in the end equal in importance the primary release of energy.

I find Mr. Haslett's bread much less digestible. He draws a rigid distinction between pure research, where you find out something without knowing exactly what you are looking for or caring what use will be made of it, and applied research, in which the discovery is prompted by the necessity to make something else work In his view pure research, despite its wayward course, is the real capital of science because it provides the growing points from which all the great advances spring. In the war, with its immense drive for quick results, we lived and survived on our scientific capital; all the more necessary then, in returning to peace, to ensure its free growth. This argument seems shaky Although between the pure and the applied the distinction is prettily illustrated in atomic research, it is one which is tending to disappear over wide fields of scientific work. Ivory towers are no longer habitable; purity is strongly polluted with applicability; and it is precisely because a scientist who is also an adult citizen is so dogged by the anxious thought "What use will be made of this?" that he may lose his nerve. Mr. Haslett advises us to substitute "science in society" for "science and society" when thinking about State planning, but he hardly probes this intimate aspect of the phrase. Furthermore, if science is now in transition, it is from one state of emergency to another, not from war to peace. For years to come the urge to increase the speed and efficiency of technical processes is likely to continue at its wartime level. What then of operational research? Mr. Haslett glances at this queerly powerful wartime phenomenon but scarcely hints at its continuance as a constructive as well as a destructive device.

He might have looked more closely at the natural history of the Back Room Boy. Found to be indispensable in his own back room, this creature often escaped to the front and was even observed being uncommonly useful all over the place. Potentially he is still roaming at large. Is the back room really his place at this critical juncture? That is the question. BARRINGTON GATES

JUST A SONG AT TWILIGHT

Season in the Sun. By WOLCOTT GIBBS. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

As the most decisive of winters approaches, as the world-twilight deepens and the West declines for the third, and probably final time, it becomes even more desirable than it was in 1938–9 to find some seriously amusing fiction to read during anxiety-hours, the flash-points of which are sunset and dawn. It is all very well in the day-time. A classical author, or Camus, or Corvo, or Compton Burnett should still see one through one's unspeakable lunch. But how to beat off the thoughts that assemble at sunset? What of the anguished aster-coloured evening, two to three minutes longer than the last? Detective stories, thrillers? No. Not since they moved in on life, some years ago. Well, what? In my considered opinion there are few more efficacious distractions than what Mr. Gibbs denies is "The *New Yorker* School." Namely, himself (my favourite, as it happens), James Thurber, John O'Hara, S. J. Perelman, Arthur Kober, Sally Benson, the late Clarence Day and Dorothy Parker.

Mr. Gibbs, in a strangely self-entranced preface, insists "that there is no such thing as a typical *New Yorker* writer, and that the real secret of the magazine's success has been the amazing catholicity of its taste and the wide range of style, technique and attitude," etc. He adds, bravely, that the above-named writers are "wildly divergent." Now, although there is much in what Mr. Gibbs says, there is also a characteristic shared by these writers—and by others, including Bemelmans and Runyon—which undoubtedly unites them. This characteristic I lack the space to discuss, but it has something to do with the Beerbohm-Saki tradition minus snobbery, and it has more to do with a low level of stamina, a high level of objectivity, and a still higher level of purely technical skill. To put it lazily, they *write* so much better than so many better writers. It is this, incidentally, which largely explains (I believe) the relentless railing of the highbrows, who accuse them, as a group, of *chicté*, pinchbeck drama, superciliousness, unimportance and political vacuity, if not vice. Here is Mr. Barrett, in the current American number of *Horizon*

> . . . the slick, machine-tooled fiction of *The New Yorker* has produced a taste that would find Lardner too crude and would require Fitzgerald to be more tired, sophisticated and mincing.

One dares say. But it seems to me that if a considerable proportion of young intellectuals would machine-tool away like crazy, for several years, they would be more profitably employed than in snickering at riper persons who can, and do, type rings round them. At all events, a great many members of the Anglo-American reading public are tired and sophisticated themselves, the wretches. And very, very easily depressed, lately. They, at least, will be grateful for fiction which, whatever it may not be, is detached, adult, expert, digestible, unworrying, often witty and quite alive.

Mr. Gibbs has included, besides his excellent Fire Island stories, a number of admirable parodies, excerpts from "Talk of the Town" (the *New Yorker* editorial), and literary and dramatic criticisms. Apart from the baffling fact that he seems to have fallen beneath the spell of Mr. Coward—I've always felt that Mr. Coward's works could have been written by some tremendously shrewd bird, especially the music—these reviews of contemporary drama are such as to make the English reader sigh with envy, they are so uproarious, just and impolite. There is the most devilish attack, too, on the American film which I have ever had the pleasure of reading.

I wish I could quote a lot of Mr. Gibbs. As it is, I can do no more than insert a fragment which, I hope, may convey a trace of his peculiar staccato savour, which is not unlike Chinese sweet-sour sauce. It is from a story called *Song at Twilight*, about a rather melancholy seaside cocktail party given by Mr. Gibbs, alias Mr. Crane. The author is remarkably adroit at portraying people who become just a shade out of hand, in this instance Mr. Basker:

> "You know, Mrs. Crane's pickerel reminds me of our raccoon, Amy," said Mr. Derleth, chuckling and addressing his wife.
>
> "Oh, yes, tell them about that, Sam," she said. "It was awfully sweet. There was this little brook behind our house in Black Point, and almost every morning . . . no, but you go ahead, dear."
>
> "As my wife has told you," said Mr. Derleth, looking at her with faint disgust, "there's a little brook behind our place—empties into the Sound finally, I guess—and . . ."
>
> Mr. Basker was sitting beside Mr. Crane, who suddenly found he could detect a sort of lyric in his guest's humming. "Empties into the *Sound*," hummed Mr. Basker. "You don't say. Into the Sound. Well, my God and my Jesus." Mr. Crane looked at him sharply, but there was no particular expression on his face.
>
> "And one winter morning," Mr. Derleth was saying, "on my way out back to get the car, I saw this coon sitting on the bank, hell of a cute little specimen . . ."
>
> "What sex?" hummed Mr. Basker, but this time he was audible to them all.
>
> "I beg pardon?" said Mr. Derleth politely.
>
> "Unimportant point," said Mr. Basker, waving his hand. "Let it go." He began to hum again.
>
> "Anyway," said Mr. Derleth, "he was sitting there, and what do you suppose he was doing?"
>
> "Well——" began Mr. Basker.
>
> Mr. Crane cleared his throat. "What *was* he doing?" he asked hastily.
>
> "He'd broken the ice with his little paws," said Mr. Derleth, "and he was sitting there washing his face. Looked just like my own Timmie. That's our little boy."
>
> "How *cunning*," murmured Mrs. Crane, giving him a bright smile.
>
> "Yes, sir," said Mr. Derleth, "and after that I'd see him practically every day. I guess he got used to me because after a while he didn't pay any attention to me at all. He'd just come down and break the ice with his little paw——"
>
> "How thick?" Mr. Basker asked. He was leaning forward, and his eyes had a bright, peculiar fixity.
>
> "What?" said Mr. Derleth.
>
> "I said how thick was this ice," repeated Mr. Basker.
>
> "Approximately? Couple of inches? A foot? What did he do? Take a rock to it?"

It is a presentation, of course, of Embarrassment, and it gains as it progresses. Fugitive though his figures are, Mr. Gibbs can hold one's attention through his accuracy alone. To sum up—the entire absence of elevated, pessimistic

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
to any address in the world.
Yearly, 32s. 6d.; Six months, 16s. 3d.; Three months, 8s. 6d.
By Air to any country in Europe, £3 yearly.
Canada and U.S.A., Air Edition £3 15s. ($15), yearly; Six months, £2 ($8).
Surface Edition, $7 Yearly; Six months, $3.50.
Subscriptions may be remitted to BRITISH PUBLICATIONS INC., 150 East 35th Street, N.Y.16, N.Y.
To other countries by special quotation.
NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1. *Hol.* 3216.
POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

A Storyteller's Childhood
PATRICIA LYNCH
An autobiographical narrative by the author of *The Turf-Cutter's Donkey* and many other children's books.
40 drawings by HARRY KERNOFF
10s. 6d. net

An Innocent Grows Up
NORMAN HANCOCK
'An original and amusing little autobiography . . . a modest but revealing companion to Wells's *Kipps*. Its mildness and precision are charming.'
V. S. PRITCHETT in *The Bookman*.
Frontispiece by JOHN PIPER. *9s. net*
Recommended by The Book Society

Music in the Romantic Era
ALFRED EINSTEIN
'A characterization of the Romantic movement through its centre—music,' in which the works of the great masters, from Schubert to Brahms, from Weber to Wagner, from Rossini to Verdi, and from Berlioz to César Franck are intensively studied.
With 14 half-tone illustrations. 30s. net
DENT

Manchester
14 Miles
MARGARET PENN
A retrospective picture of childhood in a Lancashire village at the turn of the century. *8s. 6d. net*

The Growth of Physical Science
SIR JAMES JEANS
The plain history of the development of modern physics from its earliest beginnings.
14 plates. *12s. 6d. net*
*
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

The Web of Government
R. M. MACIVER
A comprehensive analysis of the nature, evolution and functions of the State, re-classifying forms of government and the various processes of political transition. 21s. net.

American Military Government in Germany
HAROLD ZINK
An interesting account of American military government and its work in denazification, re-education, and economic reconstruction. 18s. net.

MACMILLAN

CHATTO
READY SHORTLY
The Prevalence of Witches
The season's wittiest novel, by
Aubrey Menen
9s. 6d. net.

More Companionable Books
Broadcast talks on booksandwriters, by
George Gordon
6s. net.
BOOKS

nagging, the lack of meritorious dullness, that, fundamentally, is why I recommend this book. And most, in fact, of the books written by what I may mistakenly cling to as "The *New Yorker* School." Well, anyway, by Mr. Gibbs' friends.

BRIAN HOWARD

SENSE AND SHAKESPEARE

The Real Shakespeare. WILLIAM BLISS. *Sidgwick and Jackson.* 18*s.*

This lively and unusual book was written, so the author tells us, for the "ordinary Shakespeare lover." Mr. Bliss, under the name of Yorick, pours out into the willing ear of his friend, whom he calls Eugenius, all the bottled-up exasperation of years at the extravagances and ingenuities of "fork-bearded professors" and Shakespeare commentators in general. More than that, he substitutes for the Shakespeare who "descended into the depths," and had his periods of "disillusionment and renunciation," another Shakespeare, the "real Shakespeare," equable, loyal, human and companionable.

Some of the hits are shrewd enough. Sir Edmund Chambers must, I fancy, cry "Touché" when Mr. Bliss quotes him as saying that in *Timon* Shakespeare "whips himself into an almost incoherent expression of general loathing and detestation of humanity." Mr. Dover Wilson's discovery of "what really happens in *Hamlet*" is the theme of a chapter of unabashed common sense. An editor who solemnly tells us in a footnote that "to puke" means "to vomit" well deserves the Johnsonian contempt that Mr. Bliss has for him. But it would have been better if Mr. Bliss had shown himself aware that others have suggested that Shakespeare's sorrows were largely mythical, and have wondered how useful it is to enquire how many children had Lady Macbeth.

I fancy, however, that it is Mr. Bliss's particular charm that there is no arguing with him, and not very much telling him. If you said to him, as in one place he says to Eugenius, that there were books over there in the bookcase, to verify what you said, he would answer, with Eugenius, "God forbid," and "pour more beer." For example, there seems to be some reason or other why Mr. Bliss cannot endure the notion that Shakespeare ever acted either in his own or in anyone else's plays. He very fairly quotes the evidence in the matter—and there is a great deal, though no *single* item of it is conclusive—and then concludes that there "is no evidence sufficient" to show that Shakespeare ever acted at all. We are left with the impression, however, that of course Shakespeare never acted at all, and that a man is a bit of a fool who supposes he did.

In one respect the "ordinary Shakespeare lover," who does not usually bother his head about these things, will be gravely misled by this book. Mr. Bliss asserts that whatever is in the first folio is certainly Shakespeare's—or, if it isn't, it is something "interpolated" which crept in after his death. Heminge and Condell, he says, were "honest men" and we ought to believe them when they say that the Folio gives us Shakespeare's plays "cured and perfect of their limbes." It may have been the practice of the time, he agrees, for others to collaborate—but not Shakespeare, who "wrote so fast and so easily that he would have left his collaborator still mending his pen." Mr. Bliss has in this matter said: "God forbid" to too many books on the textual problems in Shakespeare's works, which might have persuaded him that it is not true to say, with Dr. Johnson, that "he who hath the Folio hath all." The Folio versions are often very imperfect of their limbs, and a long line of Shakespeare editors have done something towards curing them.

But all this is perhaps a little ungrateful. The author is an excellent host, and he shares his enthusiasm as hospitably as he pours his wine. So infectious is Mr. Bliss's zest that as soon as we realise that he would like Shakespeare to have gone to sea with Drake, we are almost ready to believe that he actually did—even though the proof of the matter rests mainly on references in the plays to shipwrecks and dry biscuits. If at the end of the conversation the "real Shakespeare" turns out to be a man after the host's own heart and something, too, after his own fashion, it would be churlish to remind him that that is the way with commentators, to whom this book, always human and often perverse, was written as a "counterblast."

ARTHUR SEWELL

PROFESSIONAL PORTRAIT

Letters from a Civil Servant to His Son. *Muller.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The anonymous author of these letters, written over several years to a son later killed in action, offers them as "possibly of some value to other fathers or other sons." I think they may be of more value to the novelist or the social historian; for they give an extraordinarily faithful self-portrait of a representative higher grade Civil Servant of liberal outlook at the turn of our Age of Disbelief. It is the custom to sneer at the Civil Servant, because, I suppose, he has chosen to be safe in a world that seems to demand risks; and he is, in popular thinking, pictured as dried up, prim, and hide bound. The portrait which the writer of these letters unconsciously draws of himself is most revealing. He is a man of conscience: he defends the Public Service as offering the widest scope to the intelligent who wish to serve; by temper a man of moderation, his moderation is of the kind that admits and even values extremes. He can do this the more readily for believing that it is the moderate man who really runs the country. The extremists of the Left (who irritate him) are valued for engendering the heat that will in the end propel things forward; the extremists of the Right (who anger him) are valued, though at a lower rate, for performing the function of a brake. He, the centre man, performs the really important task of reconciling the desirable with the possible. They are the men who are really in power.

He is immensely concerned with using his power rightly, for the good of others as he sees it. He is too rational to believe in a revealed or dogmatic religion; his is not the temperament to be interested in states of grace any more than in states of mind. Conduct alone counts with him and this he regulates by the injunction to "love thy neighbour as thyself" (without examining any of the implications of that very equivocal commandment). What he believes in is progress and he feels himself to be one of its not altogether discreditable instruments.

His attitude to sex is temperately progressive. To his children his attitude is no less enlightened: it would be gratifying if the son should turn out to be the controlled, rational, somewhat reticent, but intelligent person that his father is. But this is not necessary. If there are few things he holds sacred, one of them is the sacred right of each person to make up his own mind and go his own way, provided he does not thereby limit the freedom of others to do the same thing. On this question of liberty he allows himself a rare exclamation mark. Liberty—or if not death!

Such might be the Academy portrait, so to speak, of the best type of Civil Servant (Winchester and Oxford plus the idealism and rationalism of the modern liberal), flattering alike

New Impression

Women

An
Analytical Study

By RICHARD CURLE

"Nearly all women approach with hostility a book about themselves . . . Here, however, they may find a treatise which is neither fulsome nor bitter, neither flippant nor ponderous, but sympathetic, astute and fascinating from beginning to end . . . This is the best book on the subject that I have read." — CLIFFORD BAX in THE SUNDAY TIMES.

10s. 6d. net

C. A. WATTS & CO. LTD.

Hester W. Chapman
WORLDS APART

"Partly the study of an adolescence prolonged to the point of neurosis, and partly a biting criticism of a frivolous society, Miss Chapman's novel is pungent, curious and original."
The Times Literary Supplement

"A finely drawn picture of two generations. . . The character drawing is a joy."
Ralph Straus in *Sunday Times*

8s. 6d. net

Ready Nov. 6

Thomas Mann
ESSAYS OF
THREE DECADES

21s. net

SECKER & WARBURG

VIRGINIA WOOLF

The Moment, and Other Essays

A new volume of essays, selected on the same lines as those in *The Death of the Moth* and the two famous volumes of *The Common Reader*. It will be published in November. *10s. 6d. net.*

THE
HOGARTH PRESS

Recent Publications

A Mountain Boyhood

ANDRE CHAMSON
Translated by John Rodker.

"It is a kind of prose 'Prelude' on a small scale. The freshness, vigour, and charm of M. Chamson's style are not lost in John Rodker's excellent translation." *The Scotsman.* 7s. 6d.

On the Marble Cliffs

ERNST JUENGER
Translated by Stuart Hood.

A remarkable, imaginative work by the author of *The Storm of Steel*. "Of all the books I have seen from post-war Europe this one moves me most." John Pudney in *The Daily Express.* 7s. 6d.

The Derelict Day

ALAN ROSS

A first volume of poems, written while the author was serving in Germany. Mr. Ross holds an Atlantic Award for Literature. 5s.

JOHN LEHMANN

to the sitter and his friends. But the comparison with another father's letters to his son haunted me as I read these. What *would* Lord Chesterfield have said to the suburban vulgarity of his excellent advice on girls, to his flat delivery of unimpeachable ethical platitudes, to the total absence of style this book reveals? Wit insight, poetry, zest, profundity, gaiety even, it may be too much to ask of every Civil Servant. But where (the comparison is between the periods not the men) at the very least are the Graces?

If by some quite extraordinary accident this little book were to survive, the social historian of the future would surely be astounded at the limitations to be discerned in a product of the most expensive training in our time. And he might be able to determine whether they were redeemed by the fact that our public service was the most disinterested, the most conscientious, and the least venal that the world had then seen.

THOMAS SMALLBONES

THE SECOND BEST

Sublimation. By J. TREVOR DAVIES. *Allen and Unwin.* 6*s*.

Mr. Trevor Davies's subject is one of great interest and importance ; it concerns the relationship between " instinctual " action and " moral " conduct. His treatment of the matter is, alas, far from satisfactory. He shows, to be sure, with an array of really astonishing quotations the vagueness and confusion that reigns in psychological literature. " Sublimation," writes Freud, for instance, " is a process that concerns the object-libido and consists in the instinct directing itself towards an aim other than, and remote from that of sexual gratification." Elsewhere we read that the " ego " takes a hand in this process of redirection. It is, however, generally agreed that the " other ends " are " socially more valuable." The question to which we want the answer is : Why should these " second-bests " be so peculiarly satisfying? Mr. Davies has no difficulty in showing that the views which he criticises are inadequate ; and he is right, too, in insisting that we currently take for granted that sublimation—this reorientation of ourselves to " higher ends "—is partially at any rate within our control. In his view the notion that sexuality alone provides the driving force for social service, art, religion or whatever other socially approved end be chosen, is unfounded; the whole instinctual energy is, or may be, involved.

All this criticism is to the good, and Mr. Davies goes on to say that the distinction between sublimation and the mere development of another symptom implies a world of values outside us to which we must respond if we are to develop our natures to the full. Sublimation is in fact not by any means a mere second-best. It is here that he touches the heart of the matter. Psychologists, like everyone else, assume, in unreflective everyday life, a world of values, but when they develop their theories of human behaviour, either they leave no place for such a world at all, or, if they accept it, they do not bring to its investigation that critical spirit which they display elsewhere. So, too, Mr. Davies. He assumes, without argument, the Christian hypothesis, and relies for his effect on question-begging assertions about " *true* sublimation." Alternative hypotheses are not examined, and there is no examination of other religious formulations. We are told that " true sublimation must be of value to the community," and that unless it is, " it is not fully satisfying to the individual." Why? And how do you know what is " fully satisfying? " Finally we are informed that *really* true sublimation is only possible with God's help. We are, in fact, left pretty well where we were before, except that the subject has been usefully ventilated. Reorientation of the personality towards non-material ends is mysteriously satisfying—we know not why. There must be something is us—we know not what—which responds to the attractions of morality. Whatever does not fit in with Mr. Davies's predelictions is not " true " sublimation at all. It is quite clear that the whole subject has been grossly neglected, and we must thank Mr. Davies for pointing this out, but only a careful comparative study, which takes account of cultures other than our own, will help us to find the answer to our questions.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Leconte de Lisle's Poems on the Barbarian Races. By ALISON FAIRLIE. *Cambridge University Press.* 25*s*.

This book provides indispensable material to those interested in the spiritual migrations which the Western European arts undertook in the nineteenth century. Faced with the challenge of a period when increasingly rapid change was faced by an increasingly stubborn reaction, romantic art looked round for sources of strength. Some of Leconte de Lisle's generation saw their hope, Miss Fairlie reminds us, in terms of the union of Prometheus and Hercules—science and " force." For science to accomplish its tasks the romantic believed that " force " was necessary. Where was it to be obtained? To this question the Parnassians suggested an answer easy to delineate in imagery, but difficult to translate into practice. It visited remote places and times, and found that there and then man had power, and mourned the powerlessness of the modern world. Leconte de Lisle, after preliminary studies in the ideals of the antique Greeks, pushed his interests to lost civilisations as wide apart as Scandinavia and Polynesia, claiming to find in them the dignity and the dynamic vital to the man who seeks freedom.

A different answer, more humane, better susceptible of practical translation, was offered at the close of the century by men of a rather different stamp, like Gide. Yet even Gide, who refused to discriminate between men ancient and modern, judging that all men have the necessary powers latent in them if they dare to use them, still appealed in some measure to the remote. And, like him, Malraux and Forster went to the sun and the primitive for a climate favourable to " the spot of filth without which the flesh cannot cohere."

At several points in her book Miss Fairlie outlines the circumstances which made Leconte de Lisle return his extreme and unreal answer to the social challenge. He had seen the failure of the mid-century revolution in France and shared in that resulting intellectual demoralisation which Edmund Wilson has mapped in his chapters on Renan and Taine. He had learned to say " Je hais mon temps " without thinking of the future. Defeat forced him to picture even his hopes in a hopeless image of the irrecoverable past.

Miss Fairlie's four-hundred page book is an academic thesis ; a portion, which is a brilliant but one-track demonstration of the poet's way of using sources, can be skipped by the general reader. But she abounds in suggestions which throw new light into many corners of the nineteenth-century mind.

Dio Chrysostom. " Discourses " Vol. IV. Translated by Prof. H. LAMAR CROSBY.

Diodorus Siculus. " The Library of History." Vol. IV. Translated by Prof. C. H. OLDFATHER.

Quintus Curtius. " History of Alexander " Vols. I and II. Translated by the late Dr. J. C. Rolfe. *Heinemann.* 10*s. each.*

To those who have no knowledge of Greek or Latin, or whose scholarship has rusted, the Loeb Classical Library has become a constant source of interest and pleasure. There are moments of course when the reader becomes enraged by the misplaced delicacy of some of the translators and

Out on Monday

Designers in Britain

A new review of commercial and industrial design, compiled by the Society of Industrial Artists

Royal 4to · *Linen* · 304 *pages*
1200 *illustrations* · 45*s net*

A Second Griselda

CLARA MALRAUX

A love story in diary form by the wife of André Malraux
8*s* 6*d net*

Just published

Of Love and Hunger

J. MACLAREN-ROSS

'One of the few modern novels at the top of the first class'—*John Betjeman.* 'Brilliantly real, its characters disconcertingly memorable'—*Observer* · 9*s* 6*d net*

The Question of Henry James

Critical essays by Eliot, Spender, Auden, Gide and others · 18*s net*

WINGATE

POETRY LONDON No. 11

Edited by TAMBIMUTTU

First of the new bi-monthly series. Poems and articles by Edith Sitwell, George Barker, Bernard Spencer, Rilke, G. S. Fraser, Lawrence Durrell, Keith Douglas, Annie Ridler, Kathleen Raine, Nicholas Moore, Ronald Bottrall, James Reeves, Stephen Coates, Hugh Gordon Porteous, Jouve, Charles Williams. etc.
3/6 net.

Ready 27th October

POESIÉ

An anthology of modern French verse selected from the Paris magazine POESIE, *by its editor Pierre Seghers. Contributions by Aragon Eluard, Loys Masson, Apollinaire, Valèry-Larbaud, Gide, Léon Paul Fargue, Francis Ponge. Guillevic, Vercors, etc.*
15/- net.

THE GREEN CONTINENT

Essays, criticism, articles from South America by leading South American writers. Edited by German Arciniegas.
15/- net.

NIKOLAI GOGOL

by VLADIMIR NABOKOV

A new critical biography. 8/6 net.

EDITIONS POETRY LONDON
26, Manchester Square, W.1.

Three Outstanding Books

Osbert Lancaster's

new book

CLASSICAL LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES

A highly individual picture of modern Greece by the author of "Homes Sweet Homes," and "Pillar to Post." Fully illustrated in line and colour by the author. 15s. net

The Strange Alliance

By MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN R. DEANE

The author, head of the American Military Mission to Moscow in 1943-45, is included amongst M. Vishinsky's "warmongers" because of this frank book dealing with his mission. 18s. net

Tibetan Venture

In the Country of the Ngolo-Setas

By ANDRÉ GUIBAUT

Translated by Lord Sudley.

"A thrilling story of adventure which makes the wildest boys' adventure book seem humdrum." — *The Daily Herald.* Illustrated. 16s. net

John Murray

Angels and Beasts

These eleven short stories, selected by Professor Denis Saurat, are among the best in modern French literature. The authors include Prevost, the apostle of spiritual violence, killed while fighting with the *Maquis*; Supervielle, acknowledged to-day as France's finest poet, in four stories of a strange and luminous sensibility; and Mauriac, expressing at its best the Gallic synthesis of complexity and lucidity, irony and emotion.

Crown Octavo 10*s.* 6*d. net*

WESTHOUSE
49 Chancery Lane London

irritated by their too frequent habit of translating Greek choruses into pantomime verse. It is rare to find among them a Gilbert Murray or a Benjamin Rogers. The four latest additions to the series need cause no such irritation: they are simply translated and are provided with excellent prefaces, notes, indexes and maps. We have Volume IV of Dio Chrysostom's "Discourses." Dio "the golden-mouthed" was a typical Greek in that he adored his native city and was perpetually quarrelling with it; many of the speeches, or rather addresses, which are contained in this volume are concerned with Bithynian local politics and with reproaches addressed to the citizens of Brusa. It also contains interesting lectures upon Sophocles, Aeschylus and Homer. Another addition is Vol. IV of Diodorus Siculus's universal history. Diodorus had set himself the gigantic task of writing the story of mankind from the mythical ages until 59 B.C. It is customary to deride this Sicilian on the ground that he pretended to know Latin when he did not and to have travelled widely in Asia although he had only been to Egypt. But his cursive conversational Greek is easy to read (especially with the crib before one) and he was an agreeably inquisitive man. Quintus Curtius's history of Alexander is a delightfully fluent narrative, the ten books of which are now issued in two Loeb volumes admirably translated by the late Dr Rolfe. The story of the cutting of the Gordian knot, of the discovery of the wounded Darius, of the death of Alexander himself are all simply and vividly told. These four new volumes are well up to the standard set by the best of their predecessors.

Week-end Competitions

No. 922

Set by Naomi Lewis

Prizes are offered for the most telling reply to one of the following: Lucasta (On Going to the Wars) to Lovelace; Cynara to Ernest Dowson; Friar Lawrence to Friar Browning. The answer should be in not more than 16 lines, retaining the original verse form. Entries by November 4.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 919

Set by Sebastian

The usual prizes are offered for sixteen lines of verse bidding farewell to the Continent in the manner and metre of *Don Juan*.

Report by Sebastian

It was obviously delightful to revive the reckless stanzas of *Don Juan*, to recapture their nostalgia and petulance and to perpetuate their impudent rhymes and casual parentheses. *Don Juan*, the most gentlemanly poem in English literature, the sublime amateur! The mood was properly wretched. As Gordon Neville said:

We'll change no money at the current rate, or
Yield to the blandishments of Max Intrator.

Strong men were seen steeling themselves for the Butlin Camps and an English mistress; hardened sinners signed on for the rigours of Keswick and the wateriness of the Lakes. I thought H. A. C. Evans, B. P., R. S. Jaffray, R. Hennington, G. G. Blundell, Yorick, H. J. R., Sylvia Tatham very good; but choice was difficult. I incline to give a first prize of three guineas to H.J.R. Three prizes of a guinea each go to R. J. P. Hewison, J. C. B. Date. and Yorick.

FIRST PRIZE

JUAN AT DOVER

"Farewell," said Juan to France: and turned towards
Dover—
Cheerfully: but without much zest, I grant.
France he regarded somewhat like a lover.
England he loved—as you might love your aunt.
He preferred Pelleas to Hugh the Drover
And (blame him if you can for this—I can't)
Would have given fifty pieces by N-v-llo
For one by Sartre or—(who's the other fellow?

Giraudoux possibly?). "Farewell"—he said
Or muttered rather, such are modern manners—
"The nimble stirring air of France. Instead
The platitudes of well-intentioned planners
Must be my intellectual daily bread.
Tota divisos orbe nunc Britannos"*
And, soothed a little by the apt quotation
He took his bag and entered Dover Station.

H. J. R.

* Device from a medal struck by Napoleon.

And so perforce, for lack of certain millions,
The gentlemen of England stay at home—
Abed or not—and Brighton's queer pavilion's
The nearest to "abroad"—except the Dome—
They can attain to. Vainly, sweet carillons
Of Bruges or Ghent, you call across the foam,
The sloppy, choppy, foam wherewith the Channel
Long has contrived invading hosts to ban all.

Adieu, then, Paris—this will hurt the ladies—
Chillon, farewell, and likewise Interlaken;
Farewell, Vienna, Rome, Oporto, Cadiz;
Of Monte Carlo our last leave is taken.
Yes, lacking lire, francs and maravedis,
We all your pleasant places have forsaken.
How right to make the god of wealth a devil,
And name his issue root of every evil.

R. J. P. Hewison

FAREWELL TO EUROPE

Farewell to France and Italy and Spain!
The little Austrian Inns that I have sat in
And all the eastern fiefs of Charlemagne
Descended to him from the Empire Latin
Are now but an extension of the Ukraine
For Commissars to kick and to wax fat in.
And now these three are gone—for it is written
I may not take my money out of Britain.

What then? Will London now unstarch her Sunday,
And, like a wanton woman, lovers woo
To come and stay from Saturdays to Mondays?
I scarcely think that she would wear—do you?—
Her *toutes ensembles* or her silken undies
With half the charm that Paris used to do.
She'd be, I fear, while striving to be skittish
Immodestly Improper—and Un-British!

Yorick

Although I'm not in general sentimental
(A fault we British tend to, it is said),
As I bid farewell to pleasures continental
I am compelled a tear or two to shed
That the sea, which was our silver battlement, 'll
In future be our prison wall instead.
(We poets, too, of tears are not afraid;
They are a main part of our stock in trade).

Friends tell me girls in Bootle and in Birmingham
Are fair as in Cordoba or Cadiz; it
Is not my job refuting or confirming 'em
I have not yet paid either town a visit;
For me to make unkind remarks concerning 'em
Is not polite or gentlemanly, is it?
But can love be such sweet and rapturous pain
In Blackpool as the moonlit groves of Spain?

J. C. B. Date

CONTEMPORARY
LITHOGRAPHS

Grand Junction Canal *Lynton Lamb* £1 15 0
Imaginary Harbour *Edward Wadsworth* £1 15 0
Abstract *John Piper* £1 15 0
and many others
Frames made to order
TURNSTILE PRESS LTD.
10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1

the first
film to-day
book
"SCREEN AND
AUDIENCE"
will be ready shortly
An International Review
of the Contemporary
Cinema
Contributors include:
John Grierson, Richard Winnington, Sir Laurence Olivier, Sydney Box, Carol Reed, Paul Rotha, James Laver, Dilys Powell, Robert Montgomery, Ralph Bond, Roger Furse, Basil Wright.
price 5/-
SATURN PRESS
123, Baker St., W.1

THE POETRY OF
THE BROWNINGS
Clifford Bax
For the first time the poetry of the Brownings is associated in one volume. Mr. Bax, selecting the best, writes an outline of the lives and a critical estimate of the work of two Victorian poets whose reputation is again increasing.
Illustrated. *10s. 6d.*

LETTERS FROM
A CIVIL SERVANT
To His Son
These letters were written by a distinguished senior civil servant to his son between the years 1936 and 1941. The son was later killed in action. "Always interesting, frequently amusing and often touching." *Liverpool Post.*
8s. 6d.

FREDERICK MULLER

**Try and
Stop Me**
BENNETT CERF
Bennett Cerf has collected everything amusing and witty which has been said by the famous and the notorious over the last twenty-five years. The well-thumbed copy of Joe Miller can be discarded at last. Open a page of *Try and Stop Me* at random:
"... Barrymore gave a pungent lecture on her paternity and nocturnal pursuits. "Kindly remember", interpolated the actress, "that I am a lady". "Madam", snapped Barrymore, "I will respect your secret"."
Illustrated *9s 6d net*
Current book list on request from
12 Park Place · St James's · London · SW1
Dennis Dobson Limited

October 28th
***DEVIL
AT MY
HEELS***
R. W. Thompson
The story of a recent journey through Europe which provides a significant and lively account of people and places in Jugo-slavia and Bulgaria to-day. With maps of the Balkans as endpapers
12s. 6d.
MACDONALD

Appointments Vacant

None of the vacancies in these columns re- tes to a men between 18 and 50 inclusive or women between 18 and 40 inclusive unless e or she is excepted from the provision of the Control of Engagement Order, 1947, or the acancy is for employment excepted from the rovision of that Order.

PRINCIPAL-Designate of University College in the Gold Coast. Applics. invited for ost of Principal of University College which to be established in the Gold Coast. Sal. 2,750 p.a.; superannuation; free passages. xp. in university teaching or administration sential. Further partics. from Secretary, In- r-University Council for Higher Education the Colonies, 8 Park St. W.1, to whom pplics. should be addressed before Nov. 10.

UNIVERSITY of Manchester.—Applics. are invited for post of Resident Staff Tutor, xtra-Mural Dept., district Wigan and Bolton. andidates should have a good hons. degree in e of the subjects ordinarily taught in W.E.A. d adult classes, e.g., Literature, History, conomics, Social Science and Philosophy. uties to commence as soon as possible. Sal. 400-£25-£650 p.a. with superann. & family lowance. Initial sal. according to qualifics. & p. All applics. to be sent by Nov. 22 to egistrar, University, Manchester, 13, from hom further partics. may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Ap- lics. invited for an assistant lectureship in nglish. Salary £400 p.a., rising to £500. The ssistant Lecturer will be required to under- ke the teaching of foreign students offering nglish for the degree of B.Com. and B.Sc. Econ.). Candidates should be hons. graduates a British University, and should have train- g or exp. such as will qualify them to under- ke the duties of this post. A part-time ap- ointment of a suitable candidate might be nsidered. Applics. should be received by ov. 1, 1947, by the Secy., London School of conomics and Political Science, Houghton . Aldwych, London, W.C.2, from whom rther information may be obtained.

LONDON School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applics. vited for post of Research Officer to take sponsibility for and continuous charge of the ecution of a project of research into social obility and social class, under the direction Mr. D. Caradog Jones. Appointment will for one year in the first instance. Initial l. according to qualifics. within the scale 400 to £700. Applics., which should be ccompanied by names of 3 refs., should be rwarded by Oct. 30, to the Sec., London chool of Economics, Houghton St. W.C.2.

WAVERTREE Community Centre, Liverpool. Applics. invited from persons of od organising ability and wide general in- rests for appointment to the post of Warden replace present Warden, leaving to take a higher post elsewhere). Salary £350 p.a., us free unfurn. flat. A higher figure may fixed for special qualifics. Applicants should between the ages of 30/45 years. Applics. writing, giving full partics. and enclosing pies of 3 recent testimonials, should be ad- essed to Chairman, Wavertree Community entre, Penny Lane, Liverpool, 15, so as to ach him by Nov. 1.

DERBYSHIRE Educ. Cttee. Applics. invited from qualified men and women for ap- ointment as full-time Drama Instructor. Good ucational background and a working know- dge of the theatre essential. Salary in accord- ce with Burnham Technical Scale: £300 by 5 to £525 for men, and £270 by £12 to 20 for women. Higher commencing salary approved exp. Post is superannuable. Ap- ication form and further partics. from the irector of Education, County Education fice, St. Mary's Gate, Derby, to whom plics. should be returned by Nov. 8. Can- sing by or on behalf of any candidate ll be a disqualification.

CITY of Leicester Educ. Cttee. City of Leicester Training College. Principal: Mrs. M. Williams, M.A. Applics. invited imme- tely for follg. appointments: (1) Vice-Prin- al (Woman) with qualifics. in Education or ychology. Salary in accordance with Pelham ale for Senior Lecturers with additional owance as Vice-Principal. (2) Part-time Lec- rer in Biology (Man or Woman). Post will ount to half-time service. Salary accord- to qualifics. and exp. Both posts are non- ident. Appointments will date from Jan. 1, 48. Applic. forms and further partics. from e Principal, City of Leicester Training Col- e, Humberstone Drive, Leicester.

L.C.C. Psychiatric Social Workers reqd. at West Park Hospital (for nervous and men- disorders), Epsom, Surrey. Candidates must ld Mental Health Cert. of London School of onomics or equiv. qualification. Will be d. to co-operate with medical staff in in- stigating history of mental cases and super- ing social welfare of patients. Salary scale— 70, rising to £530 p.a. (comm. salary accord- to exp.). For application form send s.a. lscap envelope to Medical Officer of Health HS/B), Public Health Department (Men- Health Services), County Hall, Westminster dge. London, S.E.1. (3139.)

.B.C. invites applics. for post of Film Editor, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. plicants should have a thorough knowl. of editing in all its aspects incl. editing ative film, synchronising, track laying, and paration of cutting copies for re-recording. ties of the post will include the supervision cutting room staff and the organisation of a library. Sal. is on a scale rising by annual rements of £35 to a max. £785 p.a. De- ed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broad- ting House, W.1, marked "Film Editor," hin 7 days. For ackdgmnt. enclose s.a.e.

Appointments Vacant—continued

RESEARCH Dept. of Labour Party. Assistant Secretary of Dept. Responsible research projects, information service, pamphlets. Knowl. Economics, Labour Movement and drafting ability essential. Advantage enclose specimen essays or articles, etc. Sal. £500-£575. Pension scheme. Applic. forms, to be returned by Nov. 3, from Secy., Labour Party, Transport Hse., Smith Sq. S.W.1.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for post of Senior Film Recordist, Television Service, Alexandra Palace. Applicants should have a thorough knowledge of both variable area and variable density sound-on-film recording systems. The Senior Film Recordist will be reqd. to supervise all film recording entailing direct recording, post-synchronising, dubbing, sound equipment maintenance, and review-theatre projection. Salary is on a grade rising eventually to a maximum of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Recordist, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. from men for posts of Film Cameraman, Television Service, Alexandria Palace. Applicants must be exp. in cine photography (both exterior and interior), and must be conversant with all normal types of motion picture camera. Duties of the posts will include news assignments and a sense of screen-journalism is therefore essential. Salary is on a grade rising eventually to a max. of £890 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Cameramen, N. Stm.," by Nov. 1. For ackngmnt. enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. invites applics. for posts of Assistant Film Cameramen, in the Television Service. Applicants must have a knowledge of all normal types of motion picture cameras, must be capable of operating hand cameras, and must be familiar with newsreel and/or shorts technique. Salary is on a grade rising by annual increments of £20 to a max. of £475 p.a. Detailed applics. to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Assistant Cameramen, N. Stm.," within 7 days. For acknowledgment enclose s.a.e.

B.B.C. reqs. woman assistant in its library in London. Applicants must hold Associateship of Library Association or comparable professional qualification. Exp. in reference library work essential. Sal. on scale rising by annual increments of 6*s*. to max. £7 5*s*. 6*d*. p.w. Please write, stating age, education and exp. to the Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, marking applics. "Librarian N. Stm." Only those selected for interview will receive acknowledgment.

CIVIL Service Commission. Hostess and Manager reqd. for Civil Service Selection Board at Stoke D'Abernon, Surrey, to take up duty as soon as poss. Age at least 30; exp. in catering for 40/50 people at a time, and in dealing with subordinate staff, nec. Sal. £300/£350 plus board & lodgings, with some incr. for candidate with outstanding qualifics. Further partics. and applic. form from Sec., Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gdns., W.1, quoting No. 2009. Completed applic. forms to be returned by Nov. 5.

LIVERPOOL Union of Girls' Clubs and Mixed Clubs require Organiser of Physical Education (women). Interesting pioneer work with scope for experiment. Salary in accordance with exp. and qualifics. Pension Scheme. Partics. from General Secy., Liverpool Union of Girls' Clubs & Mixed Clubs, 30 Bluecoat Chambers, School Lane, Liverpool, 1.

WARDEN (Female) reqd. immediately. Sal. £250 plus board residence. There is an Assistant Warden Club Leader and adequate domestic staff. Secretary, The Settlement, Church Lane, Chesterfield.

REQD. for Jewish Settlement in East End of London, a Superintendent for Play Centre and Junior Club. Pref. someone with knowledge of handwork. Box 9555.

WANTED at once an expd. Secretary-Superintendent. Male/Female, for Leeds Jewish Herzl-Moser Hospital, of under 50 beds. B.H.A. Scale of sal. Write: Chairman, Jewish Hospital, Leopold St. Leeds, 7.

ESSEX Education Committee. Applics. invited for appointment as House Matron at the Remand Home for Girls, Gt. Baddow, Chelmsford. Salary scale £240×£12—£280 p.a., less £78 for residential emoluments. The post affords a good opportunity to train for a worthwhile job of social service. Application forms obtainable from Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

APPEAL Organiser expd. in securing donations and annual subscriptions reqd. by national organisation concerned with promoting goodwill in social relationships. Remuneration to be agreed upon. Box 9569.

NATIONAL Union of Students has vacancy for Congress Organiser, salary approx. £312 p.a. Apply in writing before October 30 to the Secretary, 3 Endsleigh St. W.C.1.

PERSONNEL Supervisor reqd. to cover all aspects of personnel and training work connected with female clerical staff of large engineering factory in Ealing area. Candidates should be female, age 28-35, must have previous office exp., and some exp. in staff control. Sal. in region of £400 p.a. Full details age and qualifics. Box 9578.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sx. Reqd. at once enthusiasts for free education to take 5/6 and 6/7 age groups. Applicants with child (5-12) welcome. Apply Dorothy Mumford. Tel.: Forest Row 189.

LONDON, N.W.11. Wanted, Nov. or Jan., Woodwork Master, pref. part time. Recog. prog. school. King Alfred School, North End Rd. N.W.11.

SHERWOOD (Co-Educ.) Community School, Epsom, reqs. in Jan. Assist Matron.

Appointments Vacant—continued

CHELTENHAM Grammar School. Wanted for Jan., a highly quald. Biologist, principally to teach Botany in the VIth Form; aptitude for field work would be an added recommendation. Although this post does not carry a responsibility allowance, the Biology Dept. offers exceptional scope and opportunity, being large and well developed. Apply: Headmaster.

ST. MARY'S Town & Country School requires Sept.: At Stanford Park, nr. Rugby (boarding school) Senior English Master, experienced Froebel teacher, qualified matron; at 38 Eton Ave., N.W.3 (day school), experienced Froebel teacher, Senior Master to teach General subjects. Games, carpentry an asset.

NURSERY School Teachers (women) or expd. Warden Teachers holding C.C.R. Certificate are wanted for non-resident posts in Church of England Children's Socy. Nurseries in various parts of the country. Holidays and pay are on Burnham scale for qualified teachers, or on M. of H. scale for Warden Teachers. Applics. to Secretary, 10/1, Church of England Children's Socy. (Waifs and Strays), Old Town Hall, Kennington Rd. S.E.11.

CLUB Leaders and Assistants reqd. for Y.W.C.A. Centres serving all age groups. Training nec. Salaries from £220 for young assistants up to £350 non-res. for local admin. posts. Hostel Wardens, Assistants and Cook-Caterers. Previous exp. in institutional work desirable but not essential. Salaries from £100 res. for assistants up to £220 res. for wardens. Higher salaries for a few posts involving special responsibility. Apply by letter only: Personnel Secy., Y.W.C.A. Natl. Offices, Great Russell St. W.C.1.

WANTED, resident cook and assistant cook for residential college of 30. Wages £4 6*s*. and £3 16*s*. per week, less board; own bedsit. room. Suit 2 friends. Apply Housekeeper, Wedgwood College, Barlaston Hall, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffs.

HOUSEKEEPER, experienced, reqd. in November for Students' Hostel. Apply in writing to Principal, 33 Granville Park, S.E.13.

OPPORTUNITY occurs in film for attractive girl aged 20-30 with very extreme short sight. It is essential that applicants should wear very thick pebble lenses of minus 15 or over, or lenticular lenses. High sal. offered for whole/part-time wk., acting exp. unnec. Univ. educ. pref. but not essential. Box 9752.

AN Indian Business man reqs. the services of Research Assistant to collect statistical and other data on certain economic objects for at least one year. This would require work for about two hours daily in libraries in London. Please write stating qualifics. and salary expected to Dr. C. A. Mehta, Airways Mansions, 13 Charles II St., Haymarket, S.W.1.

Appointments Wanted

TWO ex-V.A.D.s, cheerful and intelligent, seek post country/overseas. Box 9466.

USEFUL and creative job wanted by mother with 3 yr. old daughter. Fashion designer and artist. Expert needlewoman. Exp. care and teaching of children, housekeeping; interests Politics, literature, music. Box 9527.

YOUNG lady (24), 3 yrs. Univ. typing, some shorthand, seeks int. and prog. post., pref. sec./lit., etc. Box 9534.

EXPERT secretary, shorthand typist, fluent German, French, wants part-time work, preferably help Labour M.P. Box 9535.

EX-W.A.A.F. Officer, Arts degree, exp. admin., business, sthd. typing, public speaking, writing reports, etc., sks. post. Box 9543.

AMBITIOUS energetic woman, 24, married, 2nd class hons. B.A. Lond., secretarial training and exp., fair French, sks. responsible job with scope for tact, imagination and great interest in all human problems. Publishing, journalism, advertising, research, interviewing, etc. Suggestions welcomed. Box 9545.

GERMAN lady, Dr. Phil., democratic views, desires post in school/institution. Box 9585.

COMPOST gardener (31) seeks post school or sim. by Dec. Cottage or s.c. accom. nec. Box 9587.

YOUNG woman grad., French, German, Italian, ex-instr. Army Educ. Corps, typing, wide gen. interests, seeks intg. work, poss. lit./adult educ., at home/abroad. Box 9754.

Personal

GOOD home and salary offered responsible person in exchange for general domestic duties and helping to look after 2 small children. Small house near London. No rough work. Box 9544.

WRITER urgently wants collaborating work. Time and typewriter; financial consideration secondary. Box 9542.

DUTCH Tutor wanted for private lessons. Box 9584.

WANTED, suggestions day school, London, for girl six. Box 9574.

FURNITURE stored for use in flat, S.W. London. Box 9570.

WOMAN, 25, M.A., present medical student anxious live au pair, London, exp. cooking, sewing, typing, care and coaching children, evenings, week-ends. Box 9549.

MATHS. for matric., sch. cert. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210.

COUNTRY week-end, Nov. 14-17. Join party going delightful Sussex hotel. Pleasant company, good food; walking, riding, etc. Also Xmas house parties. Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

DEVELOP Your Literary Talent with the London School of Journalism. Reduced fees. Personal tuition by correspondence. Free advice and book from Prospectus Office, L.S.J., 57 Gordon Sq. W.C. Mus. 4574.

FINE British West Indian Rum, gteed. 5 yrs. old, 70% proof spirit at contr. price 324*s*. per doz. bottles, plus 8*s*. pkg., cge. & ins. Payment against proforma invoice. Bernard Sachs, Ltd., 27 Old Bond St. W.1.

Personal—continued

INTERNATIONAL Voluntary Service for Peace urgently requires approx. 520 sq. ft. office accommodation in London, divided into preferably 4 or 3 offices. I.V.S.P. is a voluntary body working on behalf of international goodwill, and office rental is a serious consideration. Offers please, Acting Secretary, I.V.S.P., 11a, St. Andrews Rd. Plaistow, E.13.

SEX Education Society and World League for Sexual Reform. Will former members, or others interested in renewed activities, communicate with the Secretary, c/o Dr. Norman Haire, 127 Harley St. W.1, enclosing stamped addressed envelope for reply.

COTSWOLD Vintage Cider and Perry supplied in returnable 6, 10, 15 and 30-gallon casks. Hot Cider is the perfect cold-resisting Toddy. Used and recommended by over 1,000 doctors. S.a.e. for Price List. The Cotswold Cider Co., Newent, Gloucestershire.

PRIVATE secretarial service. Personal and business 'phone calls received and relayed when required. Membership 10*s*. p.a. Write or 'phone for full details. Finders Ltd., 77 Dean St. W.1. GERrard 9050.

SHORT Stories and Articles only. If you cannot sell your work, send it to the Literary Agents who specialise—Rushworth Crompton, Ltd., 40 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

DON'T sell that diamond ring, brooch, pearl necklace, gold or silver article, before you get our offer. We pay the highest prices in London. Valuations by Fellow Gemmological Assn. Special attn. to registered parcels. Offers per return. M. Hayes & Sons, Ltd., 106 Hatton Gardens, E.C.1. Hol. 8177.

WOOLLY minded? Woolly minds, like weak muscles, are the result of lack of training. Putavi trained memories are good memories. Join the ranks of Putavi. 5*s*. brings you complete course. Cogito—Dept. M4, 22 Bridge St. Manchester, 3.

POST-War Fatigue. Particulars regarding Training in Relaxation combined with a rest in beautiful and peaceful surroundings within easy reach London can be had from Secretary, Langley Rise, King's Langley.

PIANISTS—Violinists. Rapid Fingering. Flexible wrists, octave playing made easy (pianists), Vibrato (violinists). Descript. bk. "Finger Magic" (2½*d*. stp.), Director, Cowling Institute, 60 New Oxford St. W.C.1.

SPEEDY Optical Service by Qualified Opticians: Hatton Optical Co., Ltd., 19 Hatton Garden, E.C.1 (HOL. 8193). Bournemouth Branch: 290 Old Christchurch Rd. Lansdowne.

METAL Bedsteads Repairs. Heal's can now undertake repairs to metal bedsteads, cots and metal spring mattresses. Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

HEAL'S wish to buy antique furniture or furniture of their own manufacture. Will owners in the London area please send full particulars to Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd. W.1.

WATCHES wanted; new, old, disused, or out of order. Top prices paid. Send registered. Cash or offer return. Kay's (N.S.), 19 Hopwood Ave. Manchester, 4.

CHRISTMAS in the West Country. Reservations arranged at delightful recommended hotels and guest houses. Victor Hilton, Guest Bureau, 45 Fleet Street, Torquay.

LONELY? Join Friendship Circle. Details 6*d*. Sec., 34 Honeywell Rd. S.W.11.

"THE Nation," America's Leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions 35*s*. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.2. Specimen copy on request.

SPANISH Literary Publication: Boletin del Instituto Español. Apply 58 Princes Gate, S.W.7.

THE Mysteries. The Society of the Inner Light (Western Esoteric Tradition) offers Courses in Esotericism to assist those who seek to tread the Path leading to Initiation. Explanatory booklet 1*s*. from Secretary, 3 Queensborough Terrace, W.2.

YOU will find staff through a small advertisement in "Women's Employment," 5*s*. for 25 words, 7*s*. 6*d*. 50. Women's Employment, Terminal House, S.W.1.

COMMUNIST Review, Nov., 6*d*. Problem of the Veto by Klugmann; Significance of Socialism, by Gollan; Creative Marxism, by Garman; New People, by Alick West; and J. Shields on Germany. Bookshops/Central Books, Ltd., Parton St., W.C.1.

CONTEMPORARY Lithographs framed for Christmas. Order now. Prints and frames may be seen at Turnstile Press, 10, Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Typing and Literary

DUPLICATING promptly and efficiently executed. Javelin Supplies Co., 8 Priory Way, North Harrow, Middx. Pinner 4542.

FIRST-Class duplicating of all kinds. Reports, memoranda, bulletins, magazines, etc. Mabel Eyles, 2 Aberdeen Park, Highbury Grove, N.5. Tel.: Canonbury 3862.

TYPING and Duplicating of all kinds quickly and efficiently executed. May we quote you? Claridges, 8 Brunswick Place, Hove.

DUPLICATING, Typing, Shthnd., Balance Sheets, MSS., by qual. expert. Miss Stone, Eagle House, Jermyn St. S.W.1. Whi. 9682.

FOR satisfactory printing, duplicating, typing, secretarial work, contact Westminster Secretariat, Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St. S.W.1. ABBey 2214.

AUTHORS and freelances MSS edited or rewritten for publication. English, foreign, technical MSS perfectly typed. Secretarial Service, 7 Barton Cres., Dawlish, Devon.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS. 3*s*. 6*d*. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1*s*. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday. Insertion delayed many weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 3216.